

The Harvey Kids in Frances Hodgson Burnett's  
**The Secret Garden!**



# HARVEY<sup>TM</sup> Est. 1939

**The Only Magazine Just For Kids!**

**P.G. Bradley's Teddy and  
Toto's Great Adventure!**

**Collector's Poster!  
One of the Earliest  
Casper Covers Ever!**

**William Joyce's  
Scrapbook!**

**And...  
C.L.O.W.N.S.  
Zoo Crew  
10 Things to Do  
This Summer,  
While You're  
at Home  
Being a Lazy Slug!**



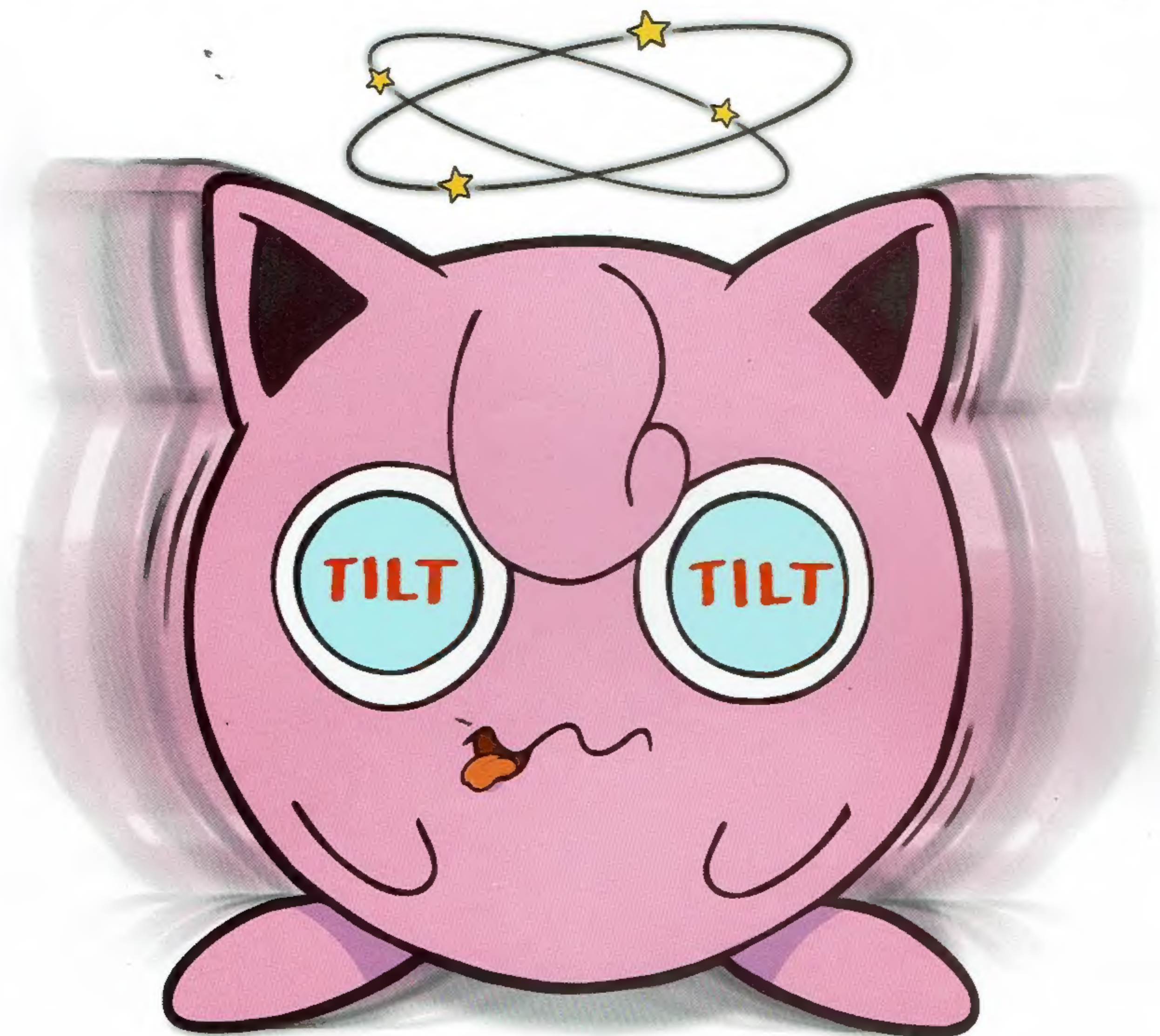
JULY 1999



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July 1999 • volume 1, issue 8

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Cover photo by Tom Grimes. Cover illustration by Ernie Colon.

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# Editorial

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US!

**T**his year marks the 60th anniversary of the Harvey company's entry into the world of entertainment. My gosh, so many of you must be thinking, that's older than my folks. Probably enough of you are also saying, that's older than my GRANDparents!

Nonetheless, way back in the prehistoric days of 1939, Alfred Harvey and his brothers Robert and Leon opened the doors of their publishing company in New York City and the name Harvey first appeared on a comic book.

Over the past 60 years, the Harvey name has represented so many different things to the comic reading public. For a long time it was the comic book home of some of the most famous newspaper comic strip characters. To name just a few, Blondie, Dick Tracy, Joe Palooka, Rip Kirby, Flash Gordon, Li'l Abner, The Spirit, and most successfully, Sad Sack, lived most if not all of their comic book lives on the Harvey comic pages.

It was during those years, I appeared at the Harvey office, fresh out of college, and was hired as an editor. I would guess that over two different periods, in New York and in Los Angeles, I have spent more years working for Harvey companies than any other person.

The company's most important changes occurred in the late 1950's when all other titles gave way to the style, character and names that Harvey means today. It soon became the home of Casper, Richie Rich, Hot Stuff, Spooky, Baby Huey, Wendy, Little Dot, Audrey, Lotta, Stumbo and all of their assorted friends.

Much of these characters and their looks are thanks to Warren Kremer, who designed most of them, and who I, amongst many, believe to be the prime animation artist of his day. Warren and I created most of these characters and redesigned the looks and characters of the rest.

In a very short time, Harvey became the best-selling comic magazine company of its day, with its major stars, Richie Rich, having 30 different titles, and Casper, having more than 10!

Today, when major movies featuring Casper and Richie Rich have been so successful, as well as TV shows and video films of the two and Baby Huey, it appears that Harvey is ready to take another giant leap forward.

Congratulations to all, from Alfred Harvey on down, on this 60th anniversary. But in the words of that famous declaration, you ain't seen nothing yet!



Illustrations by Warren Kremer



# HARVEY

The Only Magazine Just for Kids!

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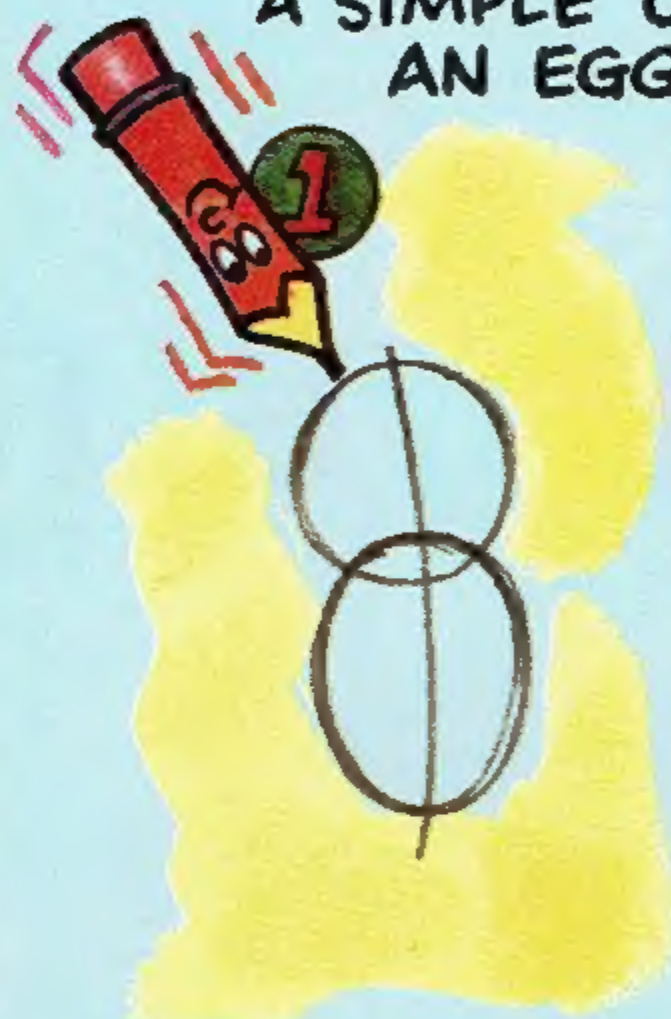
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## Draw Buzzy

BUZZY IS BASICALLY  
A SIMPLE CIRCLE AND  
AN EGG SHAPE...



LIGHTLY SKETCH  
BUZZY'S BODY  
WITH A  
PENCIL!



ADD OVALS  
FOR EYES,  
TRIANGLE  
FOR HIS BEAK,  
AND STICKS  
FOR LEGS!



ADD EVEN  
MORE DETAILS:  
FEATHERS  
AROUND ARMS,  
FINGERS AND  
TOES. AND OF  
COURSE HIS  
FAMOUS HAT!



FINISH USING A  
BLACK MARKER.  
THEN ADD COLOR!  
NOW THAT YOU'RE  
DONE YOU CAN  
PUT A FEATHER  
IN YOUR CAP!





# Teddy & Toto's

## great Adventure

*by P.G. Bradley*

*Illustrations by Mick Armson*

**t**eddy was new to the Brown household. Matter of fact, he was really new to the world, being only ten weeks old, but Teddy was a happy, spunky little guy who seemed to be afraid of nothing—especially Toto. Toto was three years old and had been the number one pet in the Brown home since he himself was 10 weeks old. Big for a Yorkshire terrier, he weighed 18 pounds and was a handsome black and brown. As he'd grown older, Toto had achieved a kind of dignity—a dignity that was severely tested when Teddy—who, by the way, was white and black and would eventually grow to where he weighed about 12 pounds—arrived. During Teddy's first week at the house, Toto ignored him. But Teddy kept following him around. He wanted to play, to wrestle, to growl and bare his sharp, little teeth and nip at Toto's heels. But the bigger dog would just turn and run off and if Teddy wouldn't leave him alone, Toto would jump up on a bed or a couch which was too high for the puppy to reach.

But soon, Toto kind of got to like the idea of having the little guy around the house and when his mistress, 8-year-old Kate Brown, was in school or on a playdate and mom and dad were shopping or at work or just out, he and Teddy would run together and pretend to fight and hide and chase each other and then just flop and go to sleep, often curled up in each other's warm little bodies.





Well, all was going fine until that day—it was a Saturday—the day when someone, maybe it was mom or dad—or Mrs. Daley who comes by to clean the house on weekends, accidentally left the backdoor open.

Toto was somewhere else in the house when Teddy, on his way to no place in particular, trotted by the open door.

He stopped and looked out—wow! The great outdoors, he thought to himself. He loved the outdoors. He'd always gone out with Toto and one or more of his humans but, hey, he reminded himself, he was a man—almost. "I'll just walk through that door and trot down these steps and, here I am in the backyard," he stopped and thought. "Then a little further down this path here and I'll be out on the street. Yes! What an adventure. Wait'll Toto hears about this."

As he walked down the street, he didn't see a boy on his bike speeding in the very direction he was walking. The boy didn't see him either, until the very last second. When he did, he swerved his bike sharply, slamming into a wooden fence. The boy went flying into a big mulberry bush that sits in front of the Brown house. Slowly, he got up, making sure he was still in one piece.

Meanwhile, Teddy jogged on happily stopping only to bark at the sun or to sniff a tree.

Now, he paused in front of Mr. Clement's house. At the time, Mr. Clement was up high on a ladder with two buckets of paint, painting the trim on his roof. Mrs. Clement's pet cat, Clara, a pure white Angora by the way, was sleeping soundly at the foot of the ladder. Teddy stopped to say hello, which came out as a fierce little bark since puppies don't know how to bark hello properly. Clara, who was dreaming of warm dishes of cream and evenings in front of the fireplace, woke up with a start and without realizing it was a puppy who had barked at her, immediately scrambled up the ladder for safety. Unfortunately, she moved so suddenly that she didn't notice that Mr. Clement was in her way and she climbed right over him.

Paint and brush in hand, he and Clara came flying down the ladder. The brush flew off onto the lawn, but one bucket went crashing





through the Clements' bay window and the paint seriously changed the color scheme of their living room. The other bucket landed smack on top of Clara. As she pulled her head out and ran off, with the paint trailing behind her, it seemed that Clara was now a kind of dark brown.

Teddy walked on. Life was good, this getting around on your own really worked.

He decided he would see what was over there. Over there was across the road.

Halfway across the road, Mr. Hode's milk delivery truck came bumping along. At the last minute, Mr. Hode saw Teddy and, like the boy on the bike, swerved—right into a lamppost. Mr. Hode had his seat belt on so he was okay, but the back door of the truck flew open from the impact and bottles of milk came flying out everywhere. Soon, most of the street was covered in milk and glass, and the lamppost sort of just fell over.

Teddy took all this in. Wonder what that's all about, he asked himself. Oh, well, humans—can't always figure them out. And he moved on.

Meanwhile, Toto looked everywhere for Teddy, but hadn't been able to find him. Now, he came upon the open door. Immediately, he knew that Teddy must have decided to explore. He knew that they weren't allowed to leave the house without their humans, but he was never quite sure what Teddy knew, so he took out after him.

Teddy sniffed some more bushes, barked hello to a few passing people, including the neighbors who'd come running out of their houses to see where all the milk and glass had come from and Mr. Clement's brother who lived down the street and who'd just gotten an anguished and hurried call from Mr. Clement.

Suddenly, Teddy stopped. Curled up in the driveway he'd just come to what was the biggest dog he'd ever seen.





Actually, he was a big, black Doberman. He must have weighed 60 or 70 pounds and he was fast asleep.

Yes! Thought Teddy, another dog to play with.

Happily, he ran over and snarled and nipped Drago (that was his name) on one huge ankle. It was like a bunch of sharp little needles had, without warning, jabbed into his skin, and Drago woke with a howl of surprise. Angrily, he looked around but saw nothing.

From way below him came a series of sharp little barks. "Come on, come on," they said. "Let's play!"

But Drago was not feeling very playful. He lowered his head and started to growl—a deep, menacing growl. A growl unlike Teddy had ever heard before.

When Toto growled, Teddy always knew it was in play, just like when he growled or nipped. He decided to leave. He turned and slowly started to walk away, but a huge paw pushed him to the ground like he was a mouse or a flea or a speck of sand.

This is not my friend, Teddy said to himself as Drago continued to growl, perhaps trying to decide whether to bite this nasty little intruder or merely crush him with his paw.

Suddenly, another dog charged onto the scene, barking and snapping at Drago who was so surprised he released Teddy.

The other dog, of course, was Toto, who now stood between Teddy and Drago and throwing out his chest, stared up, way up, at the much bigger animal.

"Get lost, shrimp," said Drago with a roar, "this pip-squeak woke me up and bit me. He's gonna pay for that."

"No way," growled back Toto in a low voice that indicated that, big or not, Drago would have to go through him to get to Teddy. "He's my kid brother."

The two of them stood glaring at each other for what seemed like forever, exchanging menacing growls. Now Drago was really mad, what with first this puppy disturbing him, then this other pint-sized individual actually trying to stare him down. He moved toward





Toto, snarling. As he did there was a sharp pain in his butt. He whirled around. There was a dog attached to it. Teddy had sunk those sharp, little teeth into Drago's bottom and was hanging from it. Drago roared in pain. Now Toto darted in and nipped his nose. This two-pronged attack was too much for Drago who pulled away and moved quickly down the street.

With a definite sigh of relief, Toto sped off with Teddy right on his heels.

They moved by the people helping Mr. Hode clean the milk and the bottles off the street.

They didn't even hear Mr. Clement moaning about his broken bay window and the paint all over his living room. They didn't notice the firemen putting a ladder up against a tree to retrieve Clara who was still dripping dark brown paint and was seeking sanctuary high in the upper branches. They ignored the men from the electric company who were busy trying to bend the lamppost back into its proper shape.


They didn't stop to look at the boy who had finally straightened out the wheel on his bike and was now about to pedal away.

They trotted up that little path, into the backyard and back through the open door.

Toto pushed the door closed with his head.

A few minutes later, Kate returned home with her mom and started looking for the dogs. They were curled up, fast asleep.

She quietly hugged them and turned to her mom, "Mom," she asked, "do you think Teddy and Toto really love each other?"

Mom stopped and looked at them. "Yes, I'm sure they do. But you know, we've got to get them out more!" 





# 10 Things to Do While You're Home Being a Lazy Slug This Summer!

Awesome

## #1 Plant Something!

Whether you have a green thumb or not, plant something. It could be a tree or a time capsule...in your yard or at the kitchen sink. Whatever you plant, it will have meaning for years to come.



## #2 Start Your Own Business!

Open a lemonade stand! All you need is some cool lemonade (a killer recipe for chocolate chip cookies wouldn't hurt) and you're ready to go! Set up in a central, but safe location in your neighborhood and before you know it, you'll be rolling in the dough! (Check out dog-walking and lawn-mowing for quick moneymaking ventures!)



## #3 Write a Book!

Take advantage of one of those hot summer days when you can barely move and write a book! Illustrate a story about a kid who melted! Or why not pitch a tent in your backyard and in the cool night-time air, when everything is still and eerie, write a ghost story. How's that for inspiration?



## #4 Learn Something New!

Whether it's a new language, ballroom dancing or how to play the banjo, learning something new is always fun. Go to your library—they have lots of books about things you've never dreamed of, but just might be your new fave hobby!



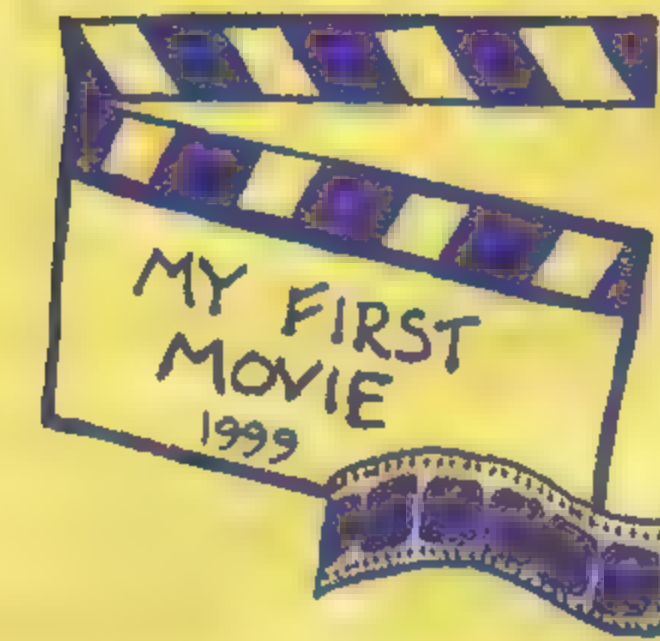
## #5 Volunteer!

With lots of extra time on your hands, the summer is perfect for helping someone or a special non-profit group that could use all the help they can get. Maybe you and a bunch of friends could put on a show for the local senior citizen's home. Or how about getting the word out about saving the dolphins from tuna nets, and thus extinction? It feels good to help out and it doesn't take much—a good heart and a big mouth are the two most important things!



## #6 Write Your Local Congressman

Wanna see some local land turned into a wildlife preserve? Angry about the not-so-strict gun laws in our country? Do something about it! Look on the web for addresses of your congressman or local representatives and let 'em know how you feel!



## #7 Make a Video!

Listen, if Disney can do it, you can, too! All you need to make a movie is a script, a couple of pals, a set and a video camera. Whether it's live-action or claymation it's sure to be original, 'cause it's made by you!

## #8 Be Sun Smart!

Let's be serious for a second! You gotta wear sunscreen, whether you're on the beach or walking through town. Not only is it really bad for your health, but you'll look all dried up and shriveled by the time you hit 20. (Hmmm, a prune with a baseball cap on top—not a pretty sight!)



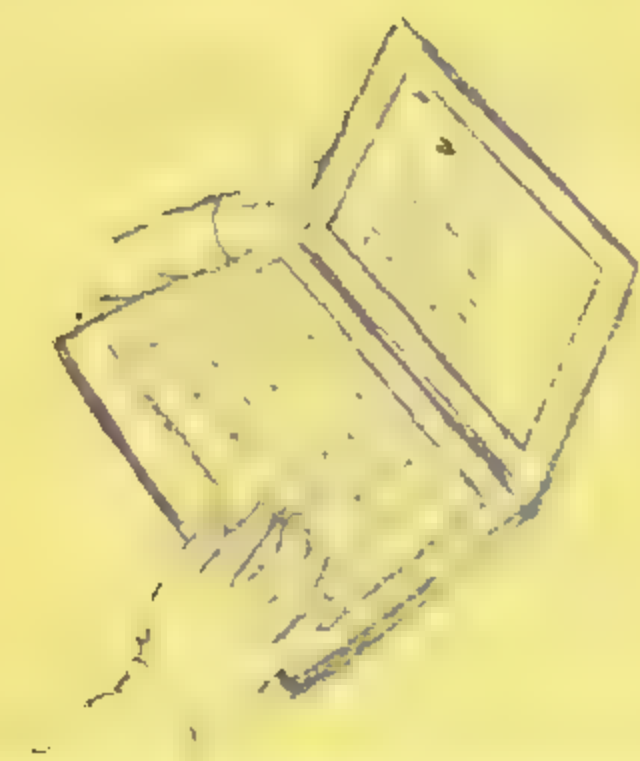
## #9 Invent Something that Will Make Your Life Easier!

You've read in past issues how Professor Kean-bean invents things to make our lives easier. You can do it, too! Think about what drives you craaaazy! Making your bed? Cleaning the cat litter? Invent something that will chase those blues away and give you more time for fun in the sun (don't forget the sunscreen!).



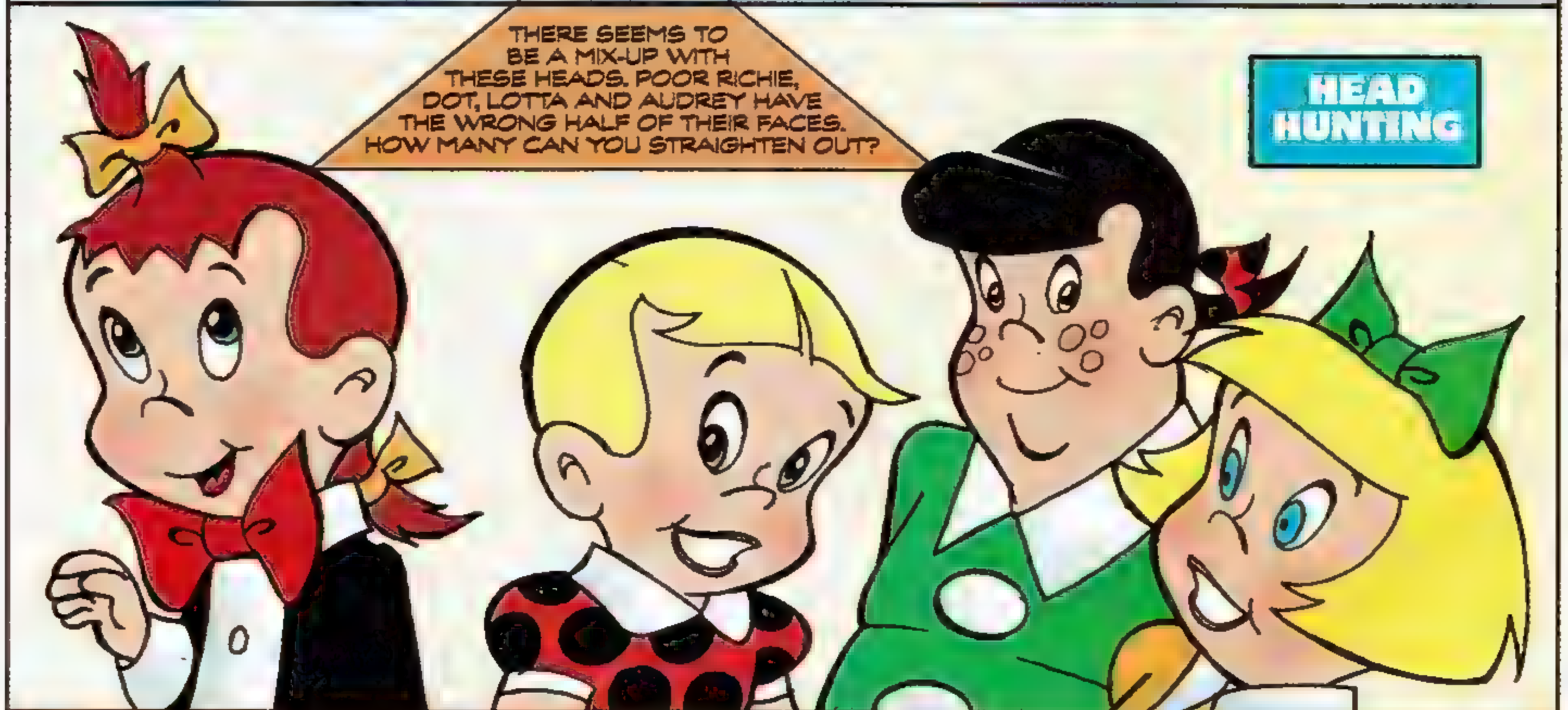
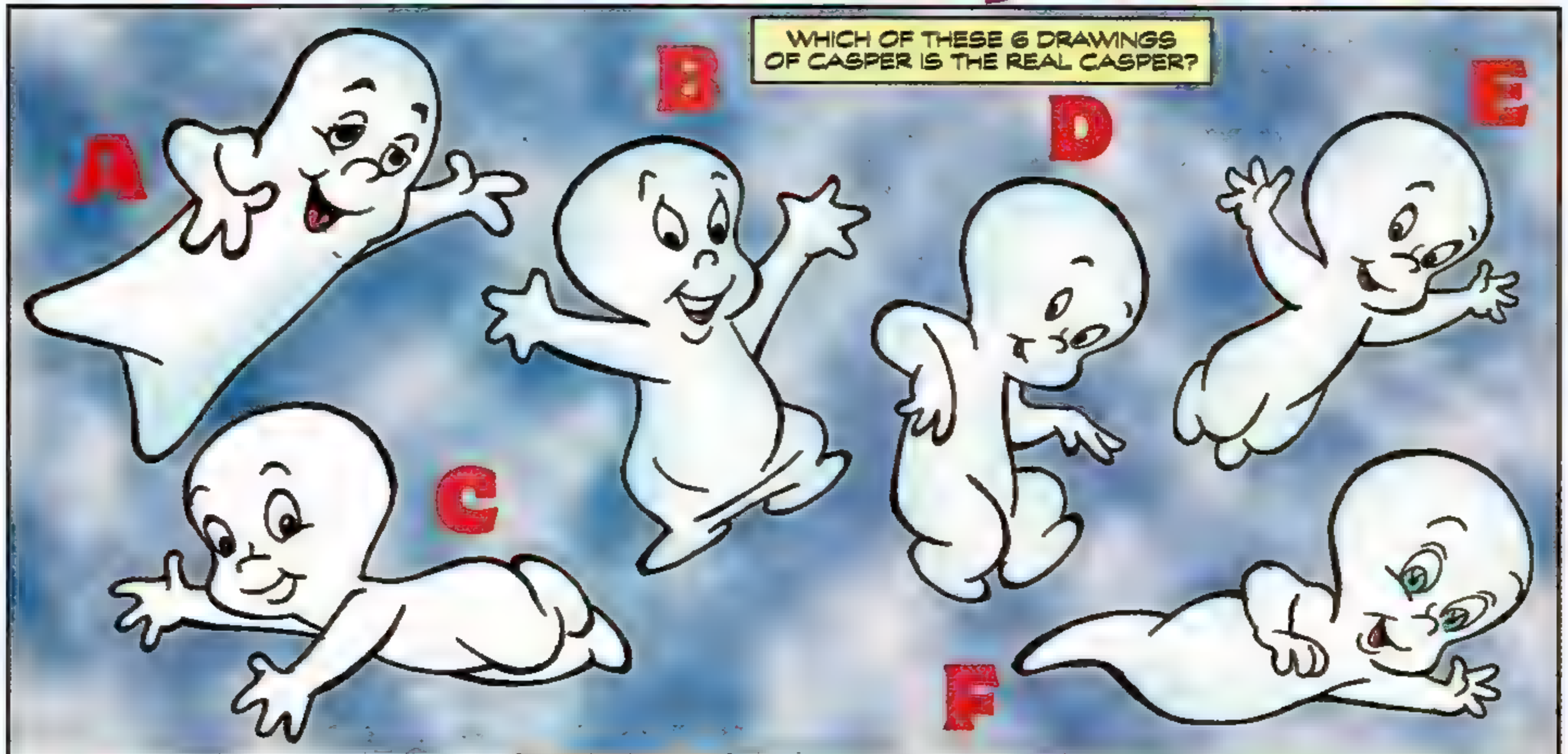
## #10 Start Your Own Web Page!

Contact your local internet service provider and start up your own website. Share your wisdom with other kids on line. Write about news, sports, whatever you'd like! You can even report on your ever-growing Beanie collection or whatever—it's your site!

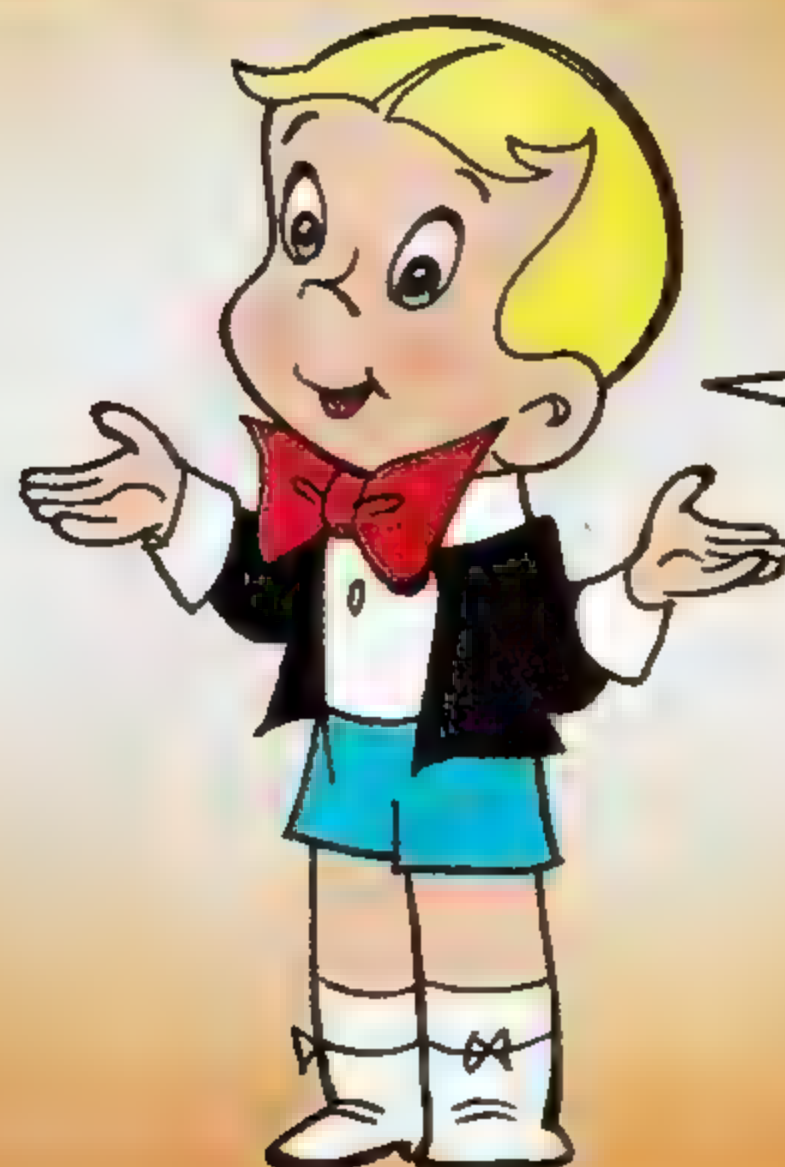




# The Birthday Bash



**BURCYAD**  
**LECKSFER**  
**SCAMBOB**  
**LODRAL**  
**AIRNO**

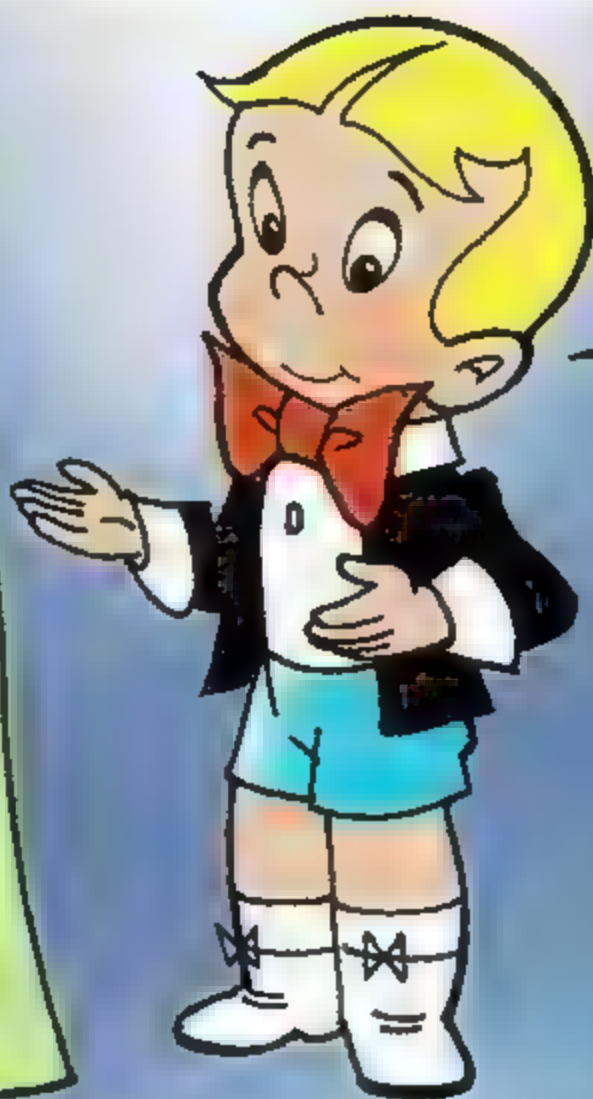


THESE ARE THE SCRAMBLED NAMES OF FIVE FAMOUS CHARACTERS FROM THE RICHIE RICH STORIES. HOW MANY CAN YOU STRAIGHTEN OUT?



DEAR AUNTIE:  
WE HAD A GREAT BARBECUE  
THIS PAST WEEKEND AT THE  
HOUSE.  
MANY OF MY FRIENDS FROM  
SCHOOL WERE THERE AS WELL  
AS SOME OF OUR RELATIVES.  
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW  
MUCH BEEF IT TAKES TO FEED  
600 PEOPLE!

#3



WHO WROTE THESE LETTERS?  
THESE ARE FOUR LETTERS  
WRITTEN BY FOUR OF HARVEY'S  
MOST FAMOUS CHARACTERS.  
ALL OF THEM FORGOT TO SIGN  
THEIR NAMES. CAN YOU TELL  
WHO WROTE EACH ONE?

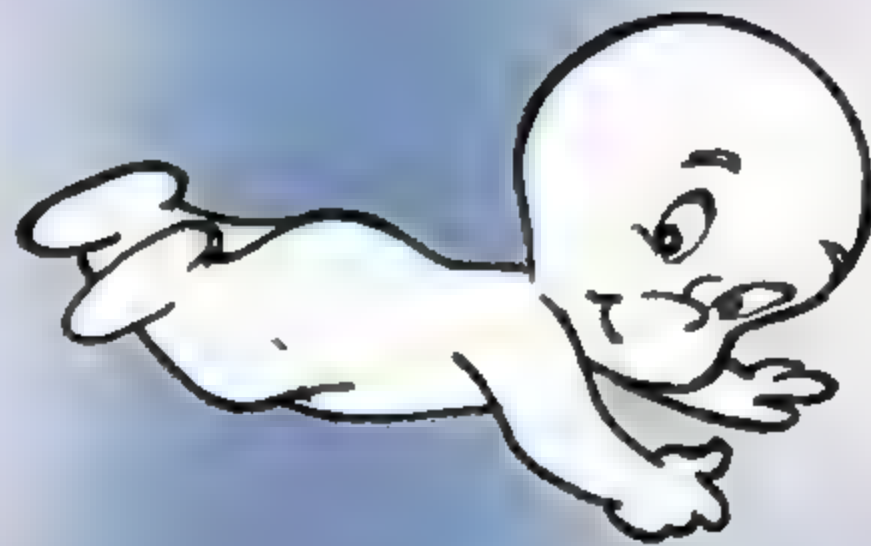


#1

Dear Auntie:  
Thanks so much for the  
presents you sent me.  
I loved those chocolate  
coins, the circular clock  
and the big box of spaghetti  
wheels.  
But I don't understand  
why you sent me that  
cube-shaped jewelry box.

#4

Dear Auntie:  
It's been so long  
since I wrote you,  
but I've been on a  
round-the-world  
trip to see friends  
I've met at various  
times.  
Enclosed is a photo  
of me at the pyramids.  
Whoops! Where did  
I go? I was sure I  
had passed in that  
photo.  
In any case, I have  
to go now. The loud  
screams of my uncles  
are calling me.



#2

Dear Auntie,  
You never thought  
someone my age  
could write, right?  
Heh? Well, I can't.  
I'm duck-tating it to  
one of my older  
friends.  
I hope you come to  
visit me soon.  
But be careful,  
because a bad wolf  
likes to hang around  
our house.



START  
HERE

CASPER'S HAUNTED HOUSE



TRAVEL THE  
ENCHANTED  
FOREST

HOT STUFF'S  
CAVE



KEEP  
OUT!

WENDY'S  
CASTLE



CAN YOU FIND YOUR  
WAY THROUGH THE  
ENCHANTED FOREST  
MAZE TO THE EXIT?



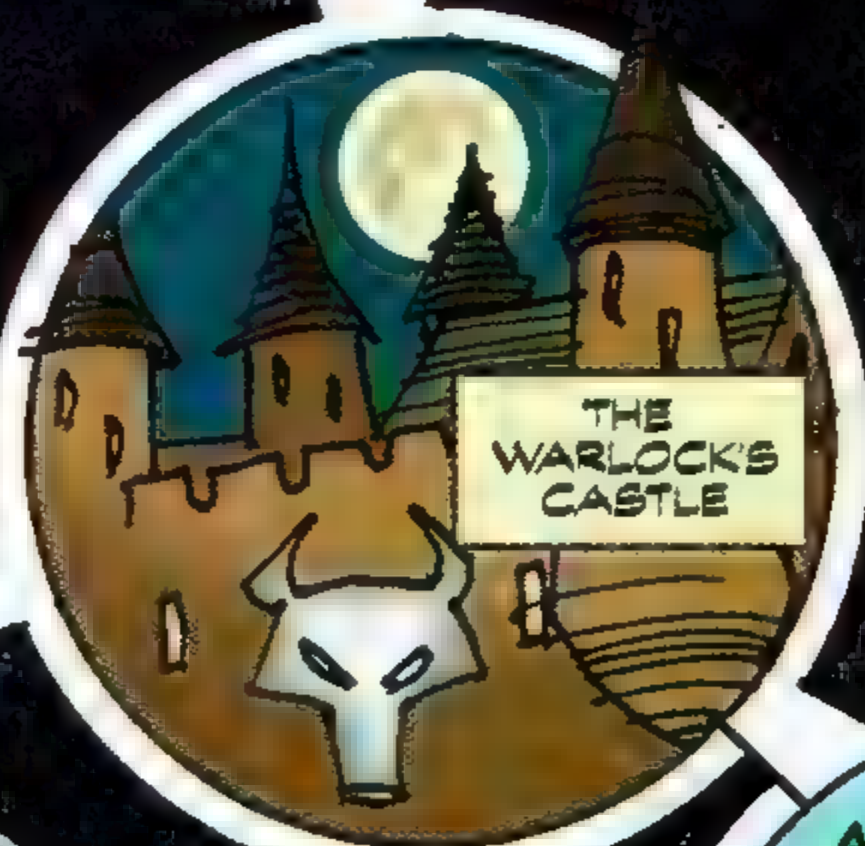
POI'S  
HOUSE



NIGHTMARE'S  
STABLE



PRINCESS CHARMA'S  
FAIRY PALACE



THE WARLOCK'S  
CASTLE



TINYTOWN



THE BAD GIANTS BRIDGE



# HARVEY STAR SEARCH

THE NAMES OF 12 FAMOUS HARVEY COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS OF THE LAST 60 YEARS ARE HIDDEN IN THIS WORD SEARCH GAME. THE NAMES ARE WRITTEN EITHER FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, FROM RIGHT TO LEFT, UP OR DOWN, OR DIAGONALLY IN EITHER DIRECTION.

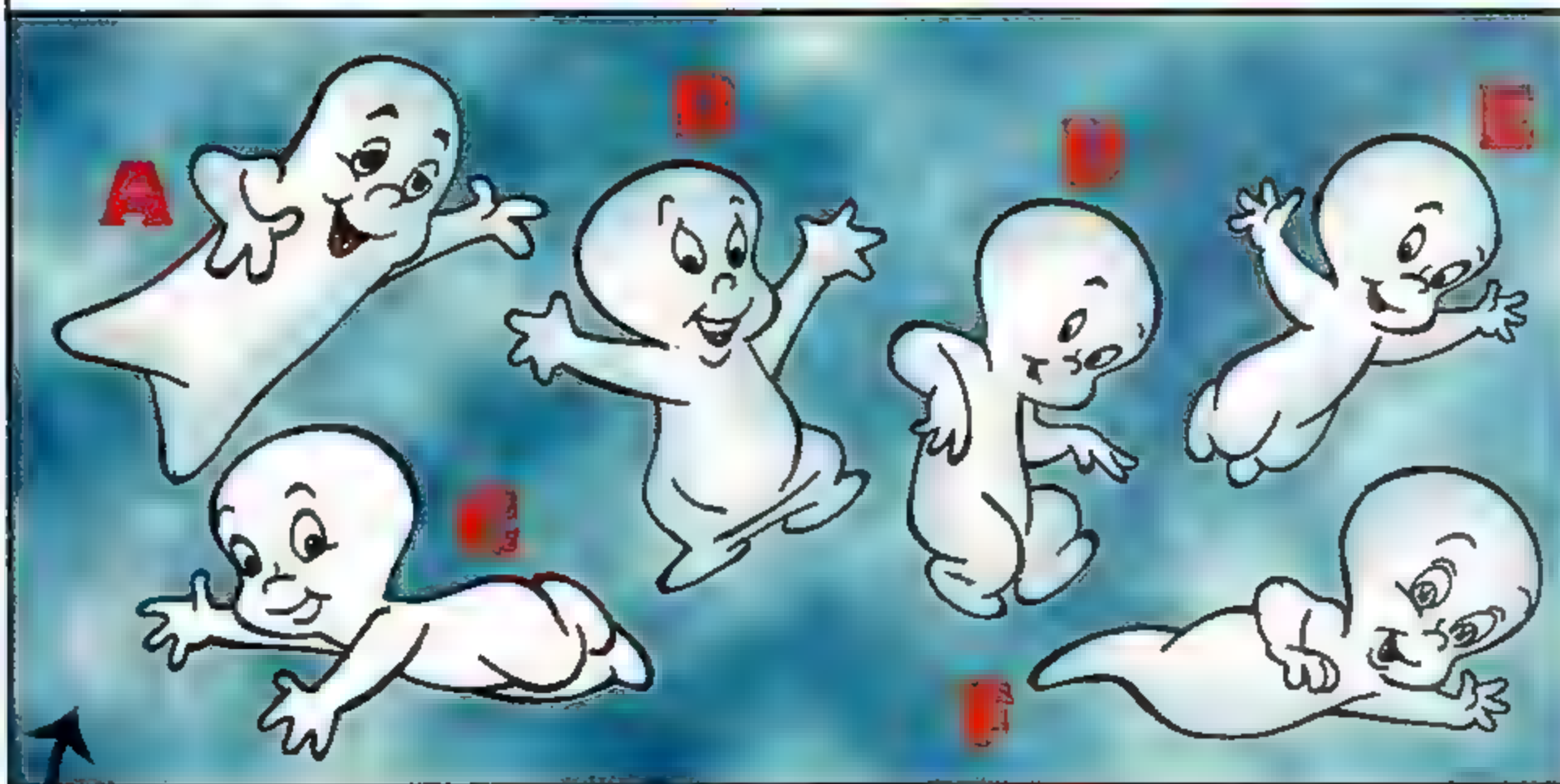
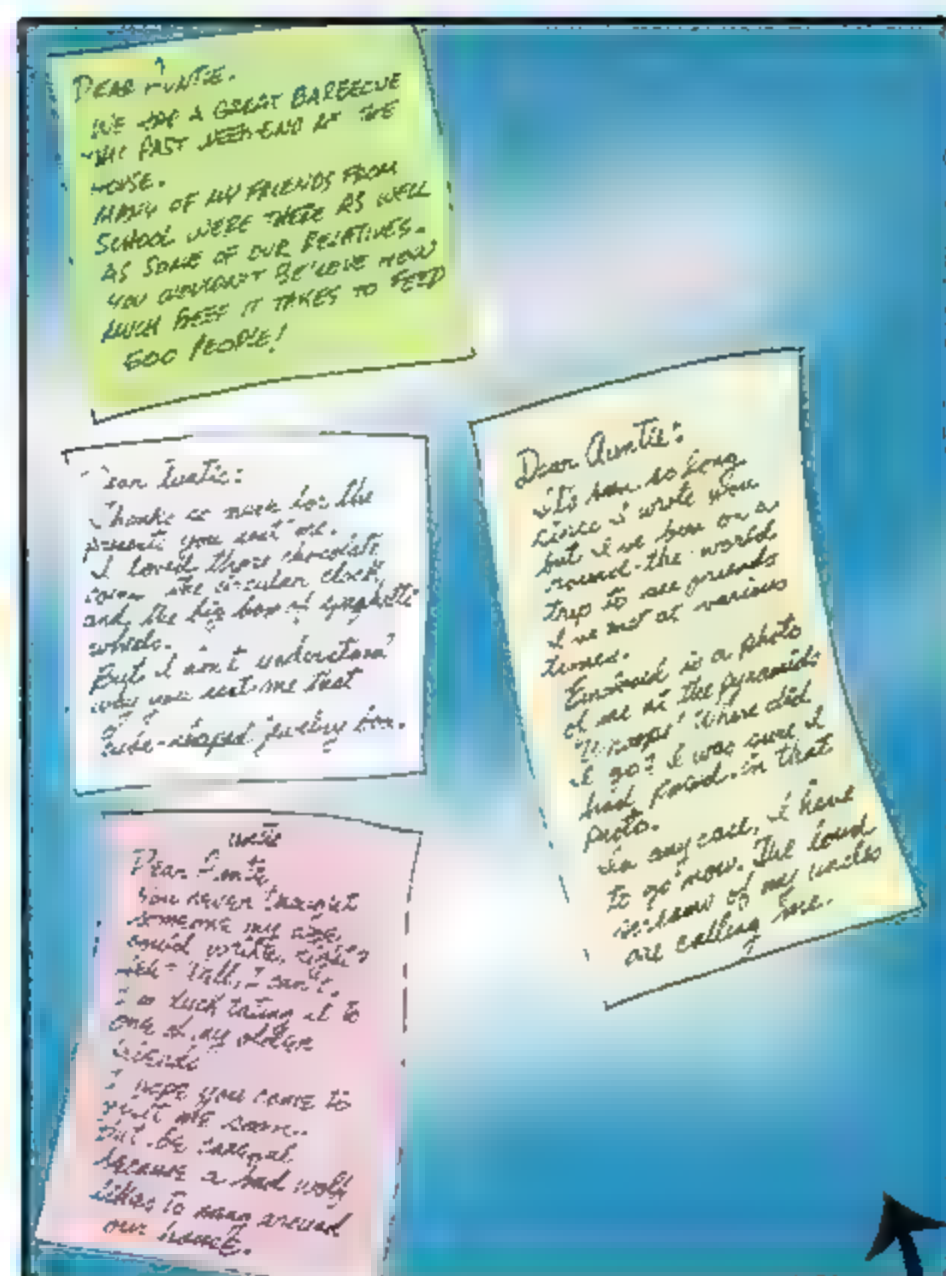


THE 12 YOU ARE LOOKING FOR ARE: BABY HUEY, BUZZY, CASPER, GLORIA, HERMAN, JACKIE JOKERS KATNIP, LITTLE AUDREY, LITTLE DOT, RICHIE RICH, SPOOKY AND WENDY.



# ANSWERS

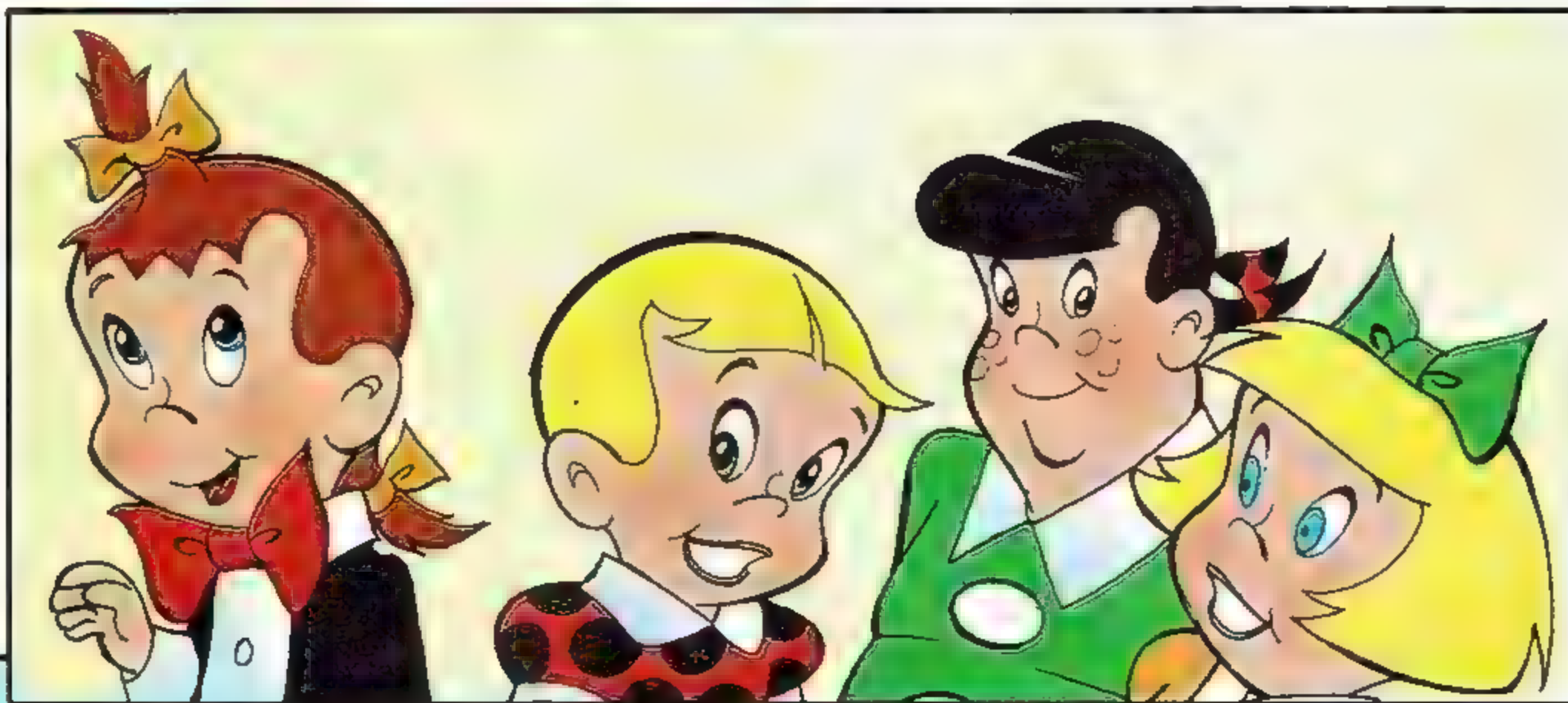
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R	T	B	C	A	S	P	E	R	R	Z	A	C
D	L	Y	H	B	A	O	D	E	Z	S	A	O
U	E	W	I	Y	U	T	Y	H	U	P	S	L
A	D	E	E	R	D	Z	A	I	R	O	L	G
E	O	N	R	I	C	H	Z	G	L	O	J	W
L	T	P	I	N	T	A	K	Y	V	K	A	E
T	S	P	C	O	K	W	E	N	D	Y	C	N
T	G	L	H	R	C	A	S	T	K	A	R	S
I	A	Y	E	U	H	Y	B	A	B	A	I	S
L	I	B	U	Z	Y	T	T	R	E	D	E	A
D	S	R	E	K	O	J	E	I	K	C	A	J



- WHO WROTE THESE LETTERS?
- 1) FROM CASPER. TWO CLUES:  
HIS IMAGE DIDN'T APPEAR IN THE PHOTO. GHOSTS CAN'T BE PHOTOGRAPHED AND... THOSE SCREAMS OF HIS UNCLES.
  - 2) THIS LETTER IS FROM BABY HUEY. HE'S ONLY THREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD AND CAN'T WRITE. BESIDES- HE HAD IT DUCK-TATED. GET IT? ALSO, THERE WAS THE CLUE ABOUT THE WOLF HANGING AROUND THE HOUSE.
  - 3) THIS WAS FROM RICHIE RICH. NO ONE ELSE CAN AFFORD TO HAVE A BARBECUE FOR 500 PEOPLE AT HIS HOUSE.
  - 4) THIS LAST LETTER WAS FROM DOT, WHO LOVES ANYTHING DOTTED OR ROUND AND WOULDN'T GIVE A SECOND THOUGHT TO A CUBE-SHAPED ANYTHING.

WHICH OF THESE IS THE REAL CASPER? ACTUALLY... THEY ALL ARE!

- a) THIS IS HOW CASPER LOOKED IN 1945.
- b) HOW HE LOOKED IN 1955.
- c) HOW HE LOOKED IN 1965.
- d) HOW HE LOOKED IN 1975.
- e) HOW HE LOOKED IN 1985.
- f) HOW HE LOOKED IN 1995.



THESE ARE THE SCRAMBLED NAMES OF FIVE FAMOUS CHARACTERS FROM THE RICHIE RICH STORIES. HOW MANY CAN YOU STRAIGHTEN OUT?

- 1- BURCYAD
- 2- LECKSFER
- 3- SCAMBOB
- 4- LODRAL
- 5- AIRNO

ANSWERS  
1- CADBURY 2- FRECKLES  
3- BASCOMB 4- DOLLAR  
5- IRONA



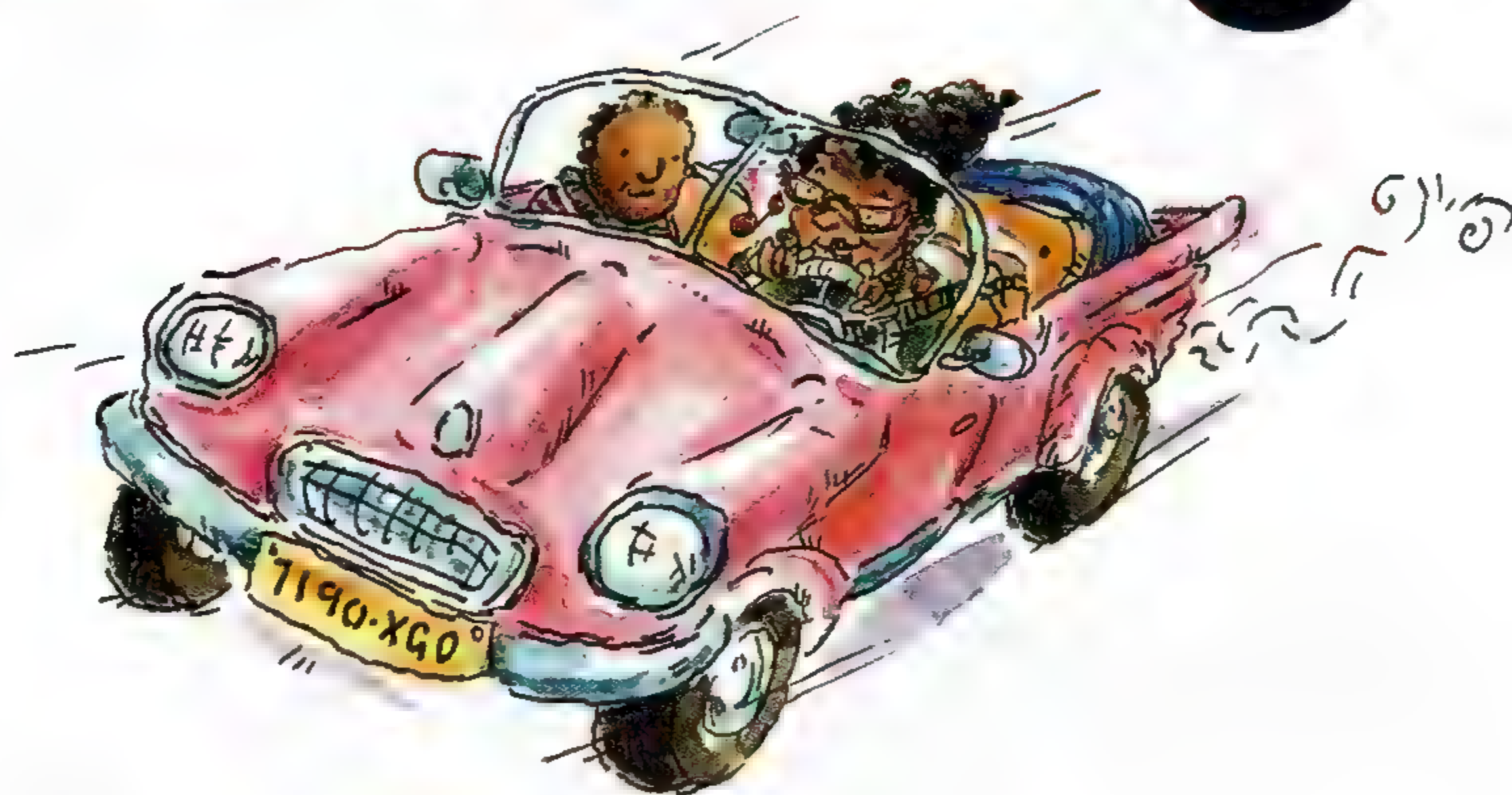
RICHIE HAS AUDREY'S HAIR  
DOT HAS RICHIE'S HAIR  
LOTTA HAS DOT'S HAIR  
AND AUDREY HAS LOTTA'S HAIR





# ICE CREAM SUNDAY

by CRAIG SHEMIN • ILLUSTRATED BY LEONIE SHEARLINE



Jimmy Cullen looked forward to every other Sunday.

"We're not leaving until you finish cleaning your room," said Jimmy's mother.

Jimmy shoved the rest of his things under his bed and grabbed his coat. His mom met him at the foot of the stairs.

"I finished," he said, before she could ask.

The drive to McGower's was short. It was the last old-fashioned department store in town, and while all of the other parents did most of their shopping at the mall, Jimmy's mom shopped at McGower's. That was fine by Jimmy, because the old-fashioned department store had an old-fashioned ice cream parlor right inside. This was a family tradition as long as Jimmy could remember. Every other Sunday, Jimmy went shopping with his mom. His mom would give him exactly \$2.00 for a deluxe ice cream sundae—the best in town. While Jimmy had his ice cream, his mom did her shopping.

That's why Jimmy Cullen looked forward to every other Sunday.

"There's a spot," said Jimmy, pointing to a parking space near the front of the lot. Jimmy's mom parked the car.







"May I please have \$2.00 for ice cream?" asked Jimmy.

"Sure," his mom smiled, digging into her pocket.

"What would you say if I asked for \$4.00?" asked Jimmy.

"I'd say that's a lot of ice cream."

Jimmy could find his way to the ice cream parlor inside McGower's with his eyes shut. Turn left just inside the door, go all the way down the aisle, then turn right. The path took him and his mom right past the toy department. Jimmy enjoyed seeing the latest toys and on this one Sunday, there was one new toy that got his attention.

"Mom! Look!" said Jimmy, pointing to a shelf of boxes.

It was a model kit of Maxo-Terminatox, the coolest super-robot to ever crush evil cities on television. And it was on sale!

"Can I get Maxo?" asked Jimmy.

"Well, Maxo costs \$1.99," said Jimmy's mom. "You have \$2.00. You can buy it."

"Great!" said Jimmy.

"But," said Jimmy's mom, "you won't have any money left to get your ice cream."

What a decision! Jimmy wanted the model kit, but he had been looking forward to the ice cream sundae ever since he devoured the last one two weeks ago. The ice cream sundaes at McGower's are famous. How could Jimmy miss one—even if it was to get a Maxo-Terminatox.

Jimmy and his mom walked past the toy department, but Jimmy was still having trouble making up his mind.

Jimmy was still thinking when they reached the ice cream parlor. "So I guess you're gonna stick

with the ice cream, huh," said his mom.

"I guess."

"I'll see you in a little while." Jimmy's mom waved to the man behind the counter. "Hi, Phil! I'll be back for him in a little while."

"Hi, Phil," said Jimmy.

"Hiya, Jimmy."

Phil had been behind the counter as long as



Jimmy had been coming to McGower's.

"Be with you in a second, pal," said Phil. Phil took a deep breath and blew up a balloon. He tied the end in a knot and taped it up on the wall next to two dozen others.

Jimmy just sat at the counter holding his two dollars. Phil could tell something was wrong.

"What's the matter, pal?" asked Phil.

"Nothing," said Jimmy. Phil just looked at him. "Okay... I just saw the new Maxo-Terminatox model kit. But, I only have \$2.00."

"That's too bad, kid," said Phil.

"What are all the balloons for?" asked Jimmy.

"I'm glad you asked," said Phil. "It's a special thing I'm doing. When you buy an ice cream





sundae, you pick a balloon and I pop it. Inside, there's a little piece of paper that tells you how much you have to pay for it. You could pay \$2.00 or \$1.00 or even a penny."

"Really?" asked Jimmy.

"Yeah. They used to do it in the ice cream parlors when I was a kid," said Phil. Another customer waved for Phil. "Be right with you, Jimmy."

"Hmmmmmm," said Jimmy, to himself. If he could pick out the right balloon, he could get the ice cream sundae for a penny and still have \$1.99 for the model kit. That would be perfect. But how could he know for sure which balloon was the right one?

Jimmy imagined he was in a doctor's office carrying a bag. The receptionist called his name. Jimmy went back to the examining room to see the doctor.

"What's the problem?" asked the doctor.

Jimmy opened the bag.

"I need to x-ray these balloons to read the notes inside them."

"Nope. That won't work," Jimmy said to himself. "It'll cost me more for the doctor's visit than it would to buy both the model and the sundae."



Jimmy next imagined himself being lowered from the ceiling of the department store directly into the ice cream parlor. Jimmy thought of himself as an ace super-secret agent. All he has to do is get to the balloons and quietly put one more onto the wall—a balloon that spy Jimmy has put a special note in. A note that reads "a penny."

"I just need to get closer," thought Jimmy. He



tried to swing himself closer to the balloons.

"Closer!" He tried to swing some more. He swung right into the balloons and popped six of them.

Alarms started to sound. He could hear the watchdogs barking.

"Bring me up! Bring me up!" Jimmy shouted and the rope yanked him up and away.

"Okay," thought Jimmy. "That won't work, either. Hey! What if I was a superhero? Nope... that won't do it. Superheroes aren't supposed to use their powers for personal gain, even if it is a Maxo-Terminatox."

Jimmy closed his eyes and started to imagine once again. He was riding an elevator to a secret underground laboratory.

"Welcome, Mr. Cullen," a scientist said to him. Jimmy noticed the patch on the scientist's jacket. It read "Project Balloon." The scientist walked Jimmy to a little golf cart and they drove off.

"Are you sure you want to do this, Mr. Cullen?" asked the scientist. "The machine hasn't been tested with people."

"I must do this," said Jimmy. "This project is vital to our future."

"You're a brave man," said the scientist.

The gold cart arrived at a huge electric door. When the scientist pressed a button on his watch,





the door opened with a whoosh.

"We're here," said the scientist.

Jimmy and the scientist started the long walk down the sparkling silver hallway.

"The entire team has been working for 48 hours straight to meet the deadline, Mr. Cullen," said the scientist.

"I appreciate the effort," said Jimmy. "If we are successful, all of your hard work will be worth it."

At the end of the silver hallway, another door opened. Inside was a room filled with lights, switches and flashing buttons.

"Ready for shrinking," a man in a white jacket and safety glasses said from behind a control console.

"Does everyone know the plan?" asked Jimmy. "You shrink me down really small, then I can climb inside the balloons at McGower's ice cream parlor and find the penny sundae balloon."

"We got it," said the main scientist.

Jimmy sat in a big chair as several assistants strapped him into place. A big laser took aim directly at Jimmy.

"Shrink ray in place," said the scientist.

"Ready for countdown!" said Jimmy.

A woman at a control console started to count backwards from ten.

"Ten... nine... eight... seven... six... five... four... three... two..."

"Jimmy! Jimmy! Are you okay?" asked Phil.

"Sorry," said Jimmy. "I must have been day-dreaming."

"So, what'll it be, Jimmy?" asked Phil.

"I'll take a hot fudge sundae."

The sundae was better than usual that Sunday. It made Jimmy feel better about missing out on the Maxo-Terminatox model kit. But, he still had a chance. After he finished eating what was probably the best ice cream sundae in the world, Phil came over to ask Jimmy to pick a balloon.

Jimmy would have to make the selection on his own—no shrinking...no x-ray...just a wild guess. He pointed at a small red balloon.

"Are you sure?" asked Phil.

Jimmy nodded.

Phil picked up a pin and popped the balloon. He picked up the little piece of paper that had fallen on the floor and looked at it.

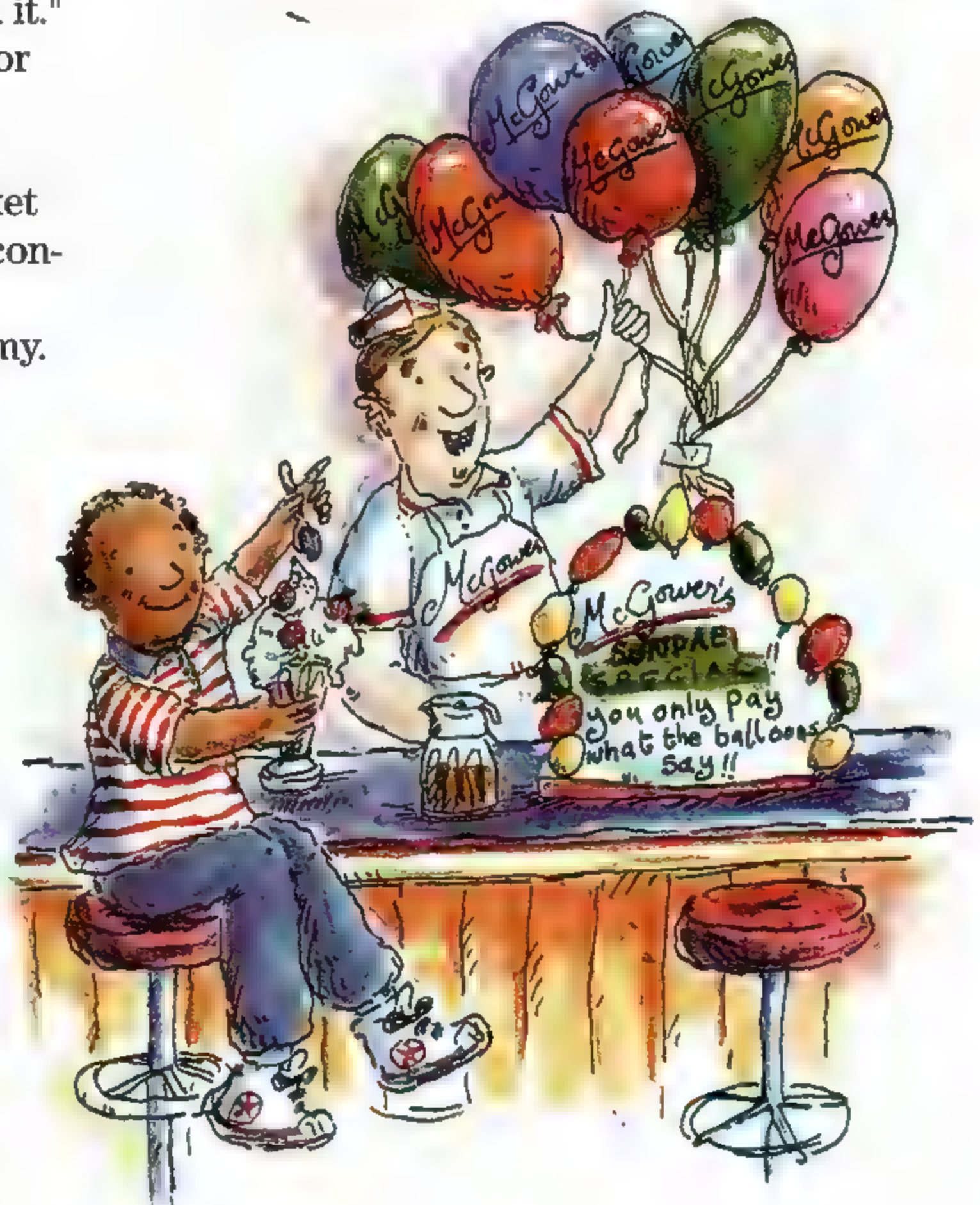
"That'll be one penny, Jimmy," said Phil.

"Yes!!!!!" yelled Jimmy, as he jumped out of his seat! He handed Phil one of his dollar bills and Phil gave him ninety-nine cents change.

"Thanks, Phil! Thanks a lot!" said Jimmy as he ran off to the toy department.

"You're welcome, kid," said Phil as he tossed the tiny piece of paper onto the counter. The piece of paper read "two dollars."

"Enjoy the model kit, Jimmy!" shouted Phil, as Jimmy disappeared into the toy department. Phil smiled as he started cleaning the counter. **H**





MY DAD JUST RAISED MY ALLOWANCE. HE USED TO LEAVE IT FOR ME ON THE FLOOR. NOW HE LEAVES IT ON THE TABLE.

WE PLAYED OUR FIRST BASEBALL GAME LAST WEEK. MY TEAM LOST 23-0. NEXT WEEK WE'RE GOING TO PLAY TWO INNINGS.

O.K., TELL ME THIS. WHY DID THE RHINOCEROS DECIDE NOT TO CHARGE? BECAUSE THEY TOOK AWAY HIS CREDIT CARD.

MY DAD IS A SLEEPWALKER. ONCE THEY FOUND HIM, FAST ASLEEP, WALKING DOWN BROADWAY IN NEW YORK CITY, WHICH ISN'T THAT BAD EXCEPT HE FELL ASLEEP AT THEIR HOME IN MINNESOTA.

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE DUCK WHO HAD HIS OWN COMPUTER? MATTER OF FACT, HE HAD HIS OWN WEB-FEET SITE.

TWO FLEAS WERE TALKING. "I'M LIVING ON A BIG DOG NOW," ONE BRAGGED. "DOESN'T MATTER TO ME," SAID THE OTHER. "I JUST LIKE THEM BITE-SIZE."

SO, JULIE LYNCH, THE EDITOR OF THIS MAGAZINE WAS DRIVING ONE DAY WHEN SHE SAW A DEAD CHICKEN LYING THERE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. SHE QUICKLY LEANED OUT THE WINDOW AND SHOUTED, "WHY DID YOU CROSS THE ROAD?!"

MY LAZY UNCLE--

OH, NO. NOT HIM AGAIN.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

MY UNCLE.

WHO'S THERE?

MY UNCLE WHO?

MY UNCLE CAN'T HEAR YOU 'CAUSE HE'S FAST ASLEEP.

MY LAZY UNCLE IS SO LAZY THAT HE LISTS HIS PROFESSION AS, "MATTRESS TESTER." AND HE SLEPT THROUGH FOUR YEARS OF COLLEGE TO LEARN THE TRADE.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

WHO'S THERE?

CHESTER WHO?

CHESTER. CHESTER 'NOTHER GUY WAITING FOR THE MILLENNIUM.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

MILLIE.

WHO'S THERE?

MILLIE WHO?

MILLIE-ENNEUM 2000. SHE'LL BE HERE SOON.

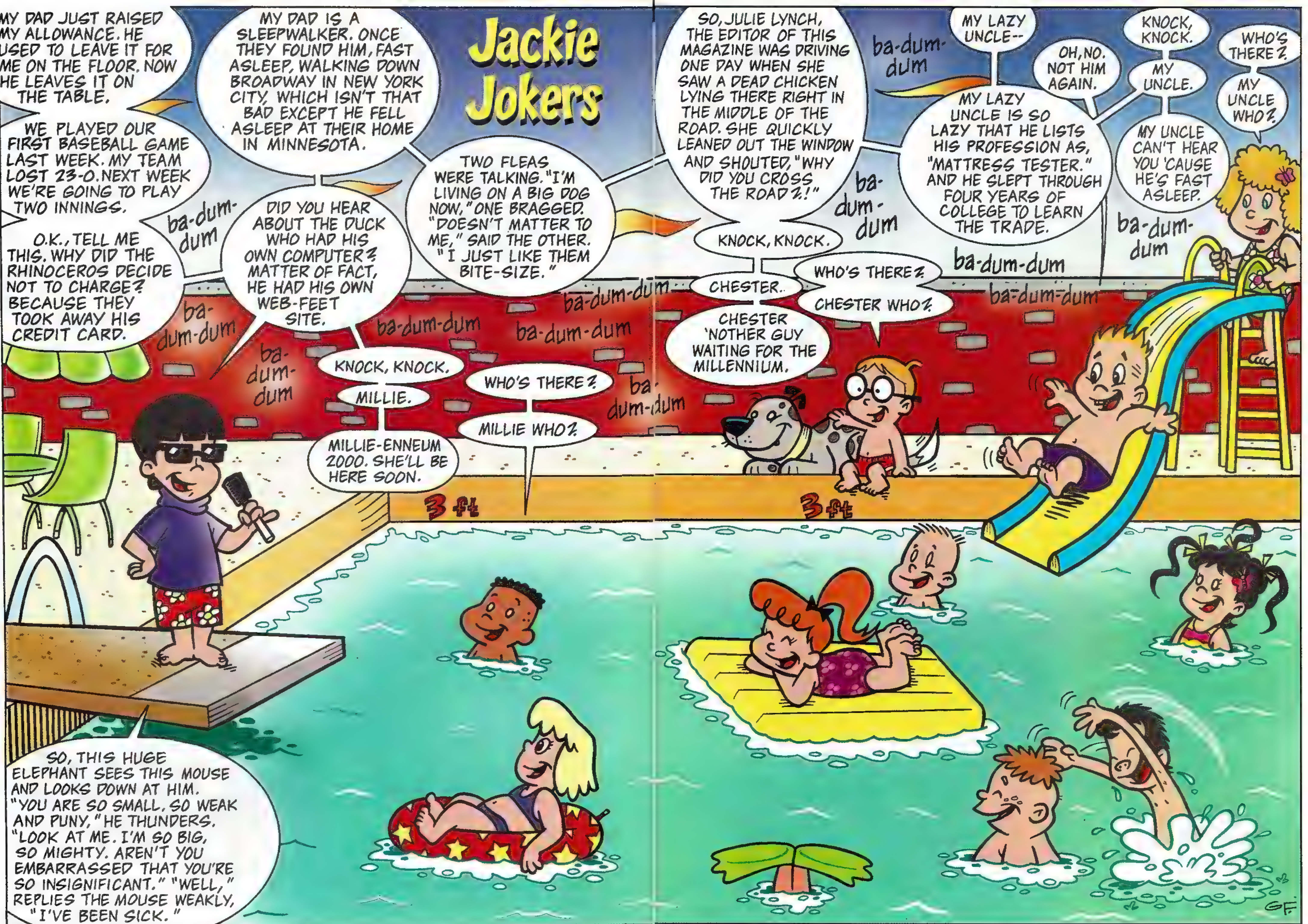
MILLIE WHO?

3 ft

3 ft

SO, THIS HUGE ELEPHANT SEES THIS MOUSE AND LOOKS DOWN AT HIM. "YOU ARE SO SMALL, SO WEAK AND PUNY," HE THUNDERS. "LOOK AT ME. I'M SO BIG, SO MIGHTY. AREN'T YOU EMBARRASSED THAT YOU'RE SO INSIGNIFICANT." "WELL," REPLIES THE MOUSE WEAKLY, "I'VE BEEN SICK."

# Jackie Jokers







Art by B.K.Taylor, Story by B.K.Taylor & Tex Ragsdale

It was a sunny Saturday, and the Zoo Crew — Pickles, Beans, Diaper, and Ravioli — got on a bus to visit their old friends in the zoo. It had been a long time since they escaped and tried to blend into the human world by dressing as people. The bus was very strange; it was filled with kids singing and yelling.

Ravioli asked, “Are we on the right bus?” Suddenly Beans got squirted in the back of the head by a squirt gun — and they knew they had made a mistake.



“Hey, who did that?” he asked. A boy in back of him said, “I don’t know.” “Well, somebody did,” Beans said. “Is this the bus that goes to the zoo?” Diaper asked. The boy laughed, “The zoo? No, this is the bus to Camp Winnipaskunknee!”



"Is that a fun place?" Pickles asked the boy. "Oh yeah," he said, "it's the best weekend you'll ever spend." "Let's give it a try. We can visit our friends at the zoo another day," Ravioli said.

"You're right. It does sound like fun!" Beans said. Suddenly another blast of water hit Beans in the back of the head. "Then, again, maybe not," he growled. Beans turned to the boy ... just as the bus stopped at the gates of Camp Winnipaskunknee. "Everybody off!" yelled the driver.



They were met by a camp counselor, Mr. Shmeel. The kids from the bus immediately lined up. But the Zoo Crew started to wander off. "This is going to be great!" said Diaper.

"Hey, you kids," Mr. Shmeel called, "get back in line!" As they did, he looked Beans up and down. "You sure are a big kid," he said. "How old are you?" "Six," replied Beans (which he was, in bear years). "You're pretty big for six," Mr. Shmeel said. "My whole family is big," replied Beans. "Let me have your phone number," Mr. Shmeel said. "I may want to talk to your parents." Beans gave him the first number he could think of.

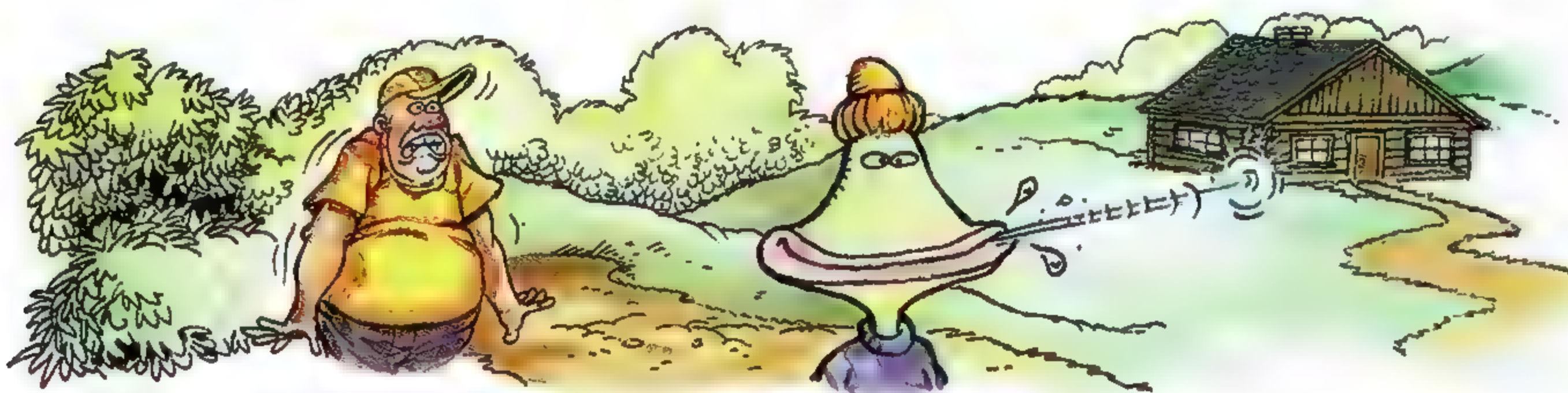
"All right, everybody, get in line," said the counselor. "We're all going to sing the camp welcome song. Ready? One, two, three ..."

The kids began to sing and the Zoo Crew tried to follow along: "Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h, Camp Winni-blah-blah is the place to be-e-e-e! Camp Winni-blah-blah was made for you and me-e-e-e. OH-H-H-H —"





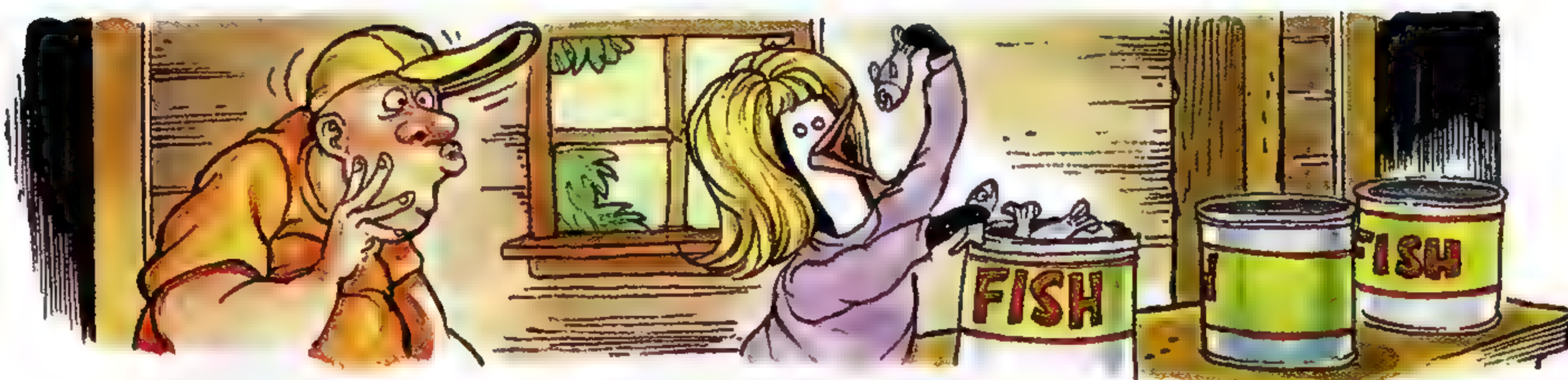
“NO,” yelled Mr. Shmeel, “it’s Camp Winnipaskunknee! Just forget the camp song! Let’s get to our cabins. We’ve got a lot to do in the next couple of days.” As he watched the Zoo Crew follow the others, he said to himself: “There’s something odd about those four kids. I’m going to keep my eye on them.” His suspicions grew as the day went on, especially when he saw ...



... Ravioli being pestered by a large bug, flying around his head. Instead of swatting it, his tongue flicked out and he ate it! (Komodo Dragons love bugs!)



Then, when he watched Beans canoeing with another boy, he thought: Not only is he the biggest six-year-old I’ve ever seen, he’s also the hairiest!



He was positive these kids were weird when, at the big fish dinner, Pickles ate three helpings of fish — *before* they were cooked!



The next morning, Mr. Shmeel pulled Beans aside. "I've been trying to call your parents all night long, and all I get is the zoo," he said. "Uh, that's where they are," said Beans nervously. Mr. Shmeel looked surprised. "The whole weekend?" he asked. "They love the zoo," Beans said. "Bye!" And he ran off to join the others.

Mr. Shmeel thought: I've got to get to the bottom of this. He called out to all the kids: "Get your swim trunks on — we're going swimming!" They all ran for the cabins. "While they do that, I'll make some phone calls," he muttered to himself and headed for his cabin.

Ravioli pulled Pickles and Diaper aside. "We can't go swimming," he whispered. "We'd have to take our clothes off — and they'd know we're animals!" Pickles looked around. "Where's Beans?" she asked.

Suddenly there were terrified screams from one of the cabins. All the kids ran out shrieking: "HELP! A BEAR!" Followed by Beans, without his clothes on, shrieking, "HELP! WHERE'S THE BEAR?!"



Ravioli yelled, "Beans stop! YOU'RE the bear!" But it was too late. He disappeared into the woods. "We've got to go after him!" yelled Diaper. And the three of them followed him into the forest.

They found Beans in a clearing, hiding behind a tree. But it was a very narrow tree and they could see him perfectly well. "What are you doing?" Ravioli asked. "I heard the kids screaming and I panicked," Beans said sheepishly.

"Don't worry about it," said Pickles. "We brought your clothes. Now let's go back to camp."

"Wait a minute ..." said Ravioli. "Look around. Look at the trees, the green grass, the blue sky, the clear water — and animals just like us! Living free! This is what we've always wanted!"



The other three looked at each other. "It is?" they asked.

"Yeah!" continued Ravioli. "We're in nature, where our ancestors came from. Living in the human world, we've lost our way. *This* is where we belong!"

"It is?" they asked.

"YES! What are we, a bunch of wimps? C'mon — we're going to live in the forest. Our new home!"



Diaper looked worried. "But ... what about TV?" he said. "I won't be able to watch *Teletubbies*! I love *Teletubbies*!"

"Never mind about TV," Ravioli said. "We're animals — and we're going to live like animals!" "How do we do *that*?" Beans asked.

"I know," said Ravioli, "we'll eat bark and roots and berries! We'll sleep on the bare ground and cover ourselves with pine needles and leaves! Won't that be great?" Silence. "Any other ideas?" asked Pickles.

"I'm *serious*," said Ravioli. "Let's all look for food and we'll meet back here." They all went off into the forest.

Later, Ravioli returned with a handful of bugs. Beans said, "I don't want bugs! I'm going to eat this!" He held up a large bush. "It tastes like salad!" Ravioli looked at the bush. "It's *poison ivy*, you dummy!" Beans muttered, "I wondered why my tongue itched. Would you scratch it for me?" "Scratch your own tongue!" Ravioli said.





Pickles returned empty-handed. "Where's the food?" asked Ravioli and Beans. "I couldn't find a store," she said. "There are no stores out here!" said Ravioli.

Just then Diaper came running up, with a long tree branch and a strange gray object on the end. "Look what I found — a bee's nest! We've got sweet honey for dessert!" Ravioli inspected the gray object. "That's not a bee's nest — it's a *hornet's nest!*" he said. "Let's get out of here!" They began to run.



Pickles said, "I thought you told us this was our new home!" "Forget it," Ravioli yelled, "and run faster!"

Meanwhile, back at camp, Mr. Shmeel was gathering the kids together for the ride home. "Where are those strange kids?" he asked. "It's time to go," he said, as the last camper boarded the bus.

Just then they came running from the woods, followed by a huge swarm of hornets! The Zoo Crew rushed by Mr. Shmeel and into the bus, as the driver closed the door, just in time.

Mr. Shmeel pounded on the door and yelled: "Where have you kids been? We've been looking for you!"

"Goodbye, Mr. Shmeel," Diaper called as the bus pulled away. "We had a great weekend!" "Hope to see you again soon," called Pickles.

"Not if I can help it," he grumbled ....

Just as the hornets arrived. **H**







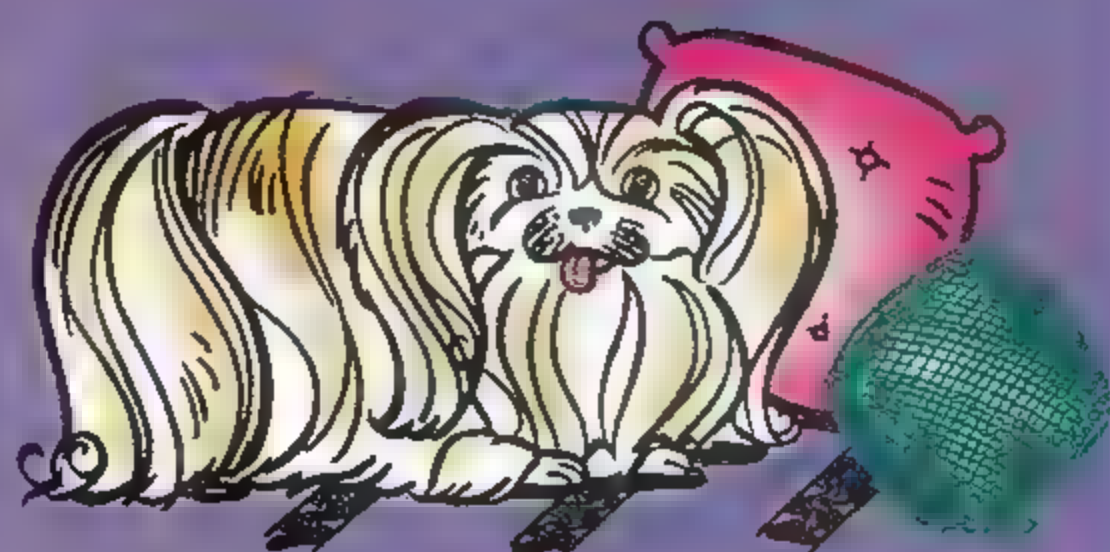
Dandie Dinmont



Chinese hairless crested



Dachshund



Pekingese

I hate to admit this, but ducks are not people's favorite animals. Matter of fact, someone told me that there are very few homes in the United States or Canada that have ducks living in them. That kinda disappoints me because I have some relatives who would love to hang out at someone's home, maybe watch a little TV or have dinner with the family. Oh, well.

But there are tens of millions of dogs who do just that and the story of Teddy and Toto on the pages of this issue of *Harvey* made me think that ducks would never get in trouble like Teddy does that day. But, I guess dogs are kind of cuddly and they do tricks and stuff. Anyway, you can't account for taste.

There are hundreds of different breeds of dogs living in homes everywhere. Here are just a few:

**LABRADOR RETRIEVER** Labrador is located in Canada and it's where this big, handsome dog was first bred. The name indicates that he was trained by hunters to retrieve birds (Ow!) and other game they shot. (Save the birds!) Mostly though, they're pets or used as guide dogs for the blind. Before they were hunting dogs, Labradors helped fishermen pull in nets and even would jump in the water and catch fish who escaped from the nets. Today, in some places they're used for sniffing out illegal drugs.

**POODLE** There are different breeds of this thick, curly-haired (former) hunting dog and they come in different sizes; some are really big and others, toys, can fit in your two hands. These are hairy guys but they don't shed. Know what? The name comes from the word puddle 'cause these guys used to splash into puddles of water to retrieve game. (There we go again.)

**YORKSHIRE TERRIER** O.K., it's Toto! His ancestors came from Yorkshire, England. Toto's a big Yorky, but some of them can sit in one human hand. They may be little but they're great watchdogs. After the movie *The Wizard of Oz* came out in 1939, Yorkies became one of the most popular household pets.

Wolfhound. Not a lot of them in North America, but they are a very interesting bunch of guys. Take the Russian wolfhound (a.k.a. **BORZOI**) who always looks like royalty what with his kind of snooty and regal face and elegant body. Don'tcha hate those teeny, tiny waistlines? These are big dogs and as their name says, they used to hunt wolves, mostly on the European continent. In Russia, many years ago, the Czar (king) used to keep dozens of



them in his palaces.

Pomeranian. Talk about small dogs. This little fellow with long, flowing hair is right in there with the Chihuahua (the dog that sells tacos) as far as tiny is concerned. He originally came from Pomerania which was in central Europe and is now part of Germany and Poland. This dog definitely cannot retrieve birds. Maybe mice. Believe it or not, the Pomeranian was once a big dog who used to herd sheep, but more than a hundred years ago, Victoria, the Queen of England, was given a small Pomeranian as a gift and breeders started breeding them to be real small.

Another dog made popular by Queen Victoria was the **PEKINGESE** who originally came from China (the name refers to the Chinese city of Peking) where they were treated as very special animals who helped drive away evil spirits. Queen Victoria's dog was called "Looty" because he was part of some loot taken by British troops.

A lot of people think ducks are funny-looking. I happen to think ducks are extremely handsome. But you know who's funny-looking? The **DACHSHUND**. He looks like a sausage, long and skinny with tiny legs. And you know what they were bred for with that body and those little legs? To burrow into holes and rout out rabbits and badgers. Matter of fact, in Germany, where he's originally from, the name means badger dog.

Hey, there are other funny-looking dogs, but I betcha their owners think they're beautiful. Like the **CHINESE HAIRLESS CRESTED**. He actually first came from Africa but is very popular in China. He has no hair except for a flowing plume right on top of his head and around his feet. You know who the best-looking dog is? Your dog.

You wanna talk cute? Well, its owners think the white-coated Sealyham terrier is the cutest dog around. Sealyhams first came to be around 1900 when the owner of the Sealyham Estate in Wales crossed a bull terrier and a terrier known as the **DANDIE DINMONT** and came up with this little guy. The Dandie Dinmont is another cute, little guy who was a favored pet of English royalty as far back as the 17th century.

If you want to talk big dogs, how about the Alaskan malamute, Siberian husky or the Samoyed who have been known to pull sleds for 100 miles. It is said the **SAINT BERNARD** has rescued nearly 3,000 travelers lost in snowdrifts or on snow-covered mountains. Of course, there are the Great Dane, the mastiff and the **RHODESIAN RIDGEBACK**, each of whom can weigh more than 150 pounds. Some even more than 200. I don't know what the big deal is! I weigh more than 200 pounds.

We told you about Toto, well Teddy who, along with Toto is the hero of the P.G. Bradley story in this issue, is a Shih Tzu. The little guy is from China and the name means, "lion dog" which is kinda unusual for a guy who weighs around 10 pounds. But he is a scrappy fellow with a big bark. And they say that ducks are noisy.

There are so many great dogs and I don't even hold a grudge against those who have been trained to hunt birds. Well, maybe a small grudge. There was that golden retriever who chased me up a tree once. If you think it was easy for a very large duck to climb a tree—well, that's another story.



Borzoi



Rhodesian Ridgeback



Saint Bernard



Labrador retriever



HARVEY  
COMICS

DC

THE FRIENDLY GHOST

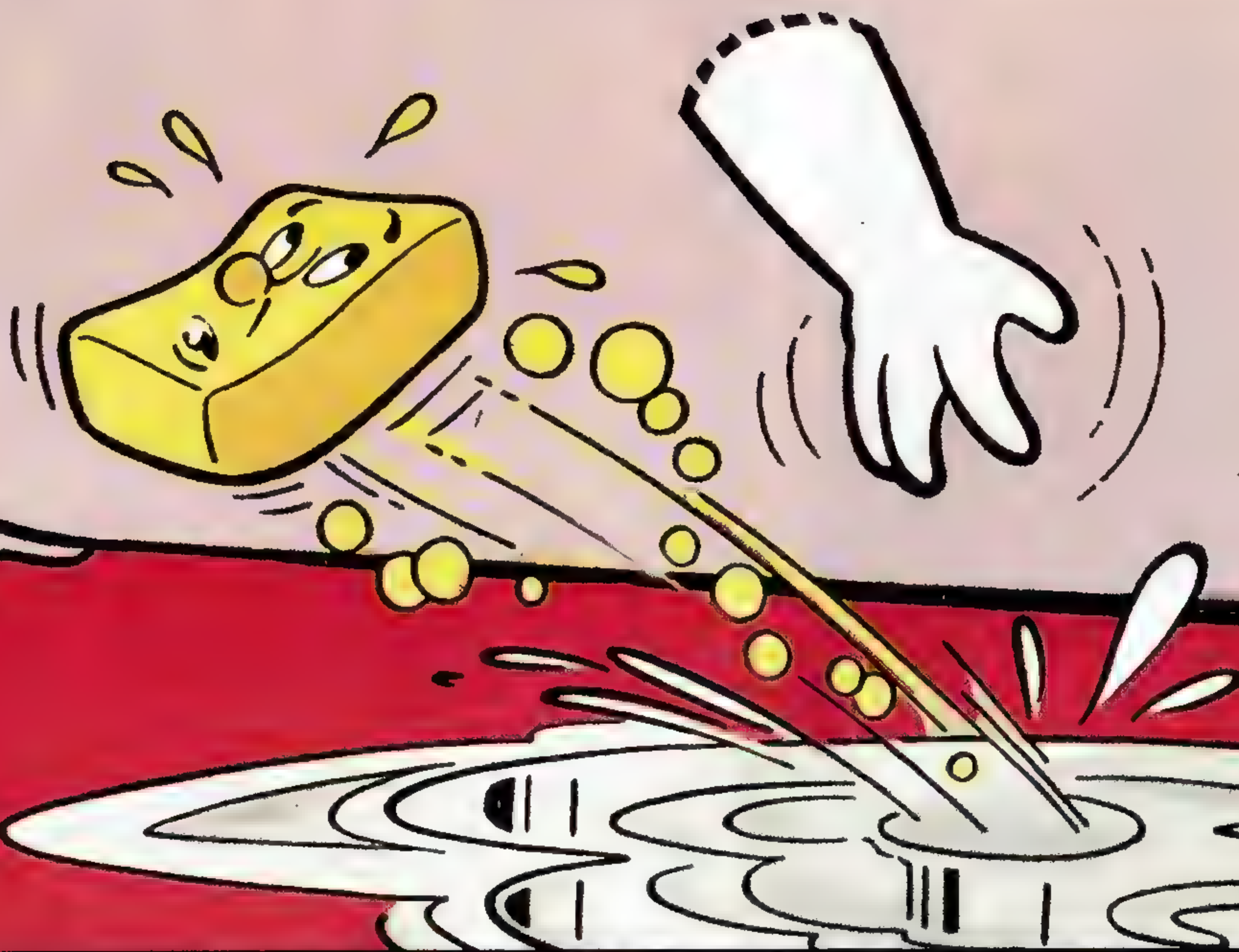
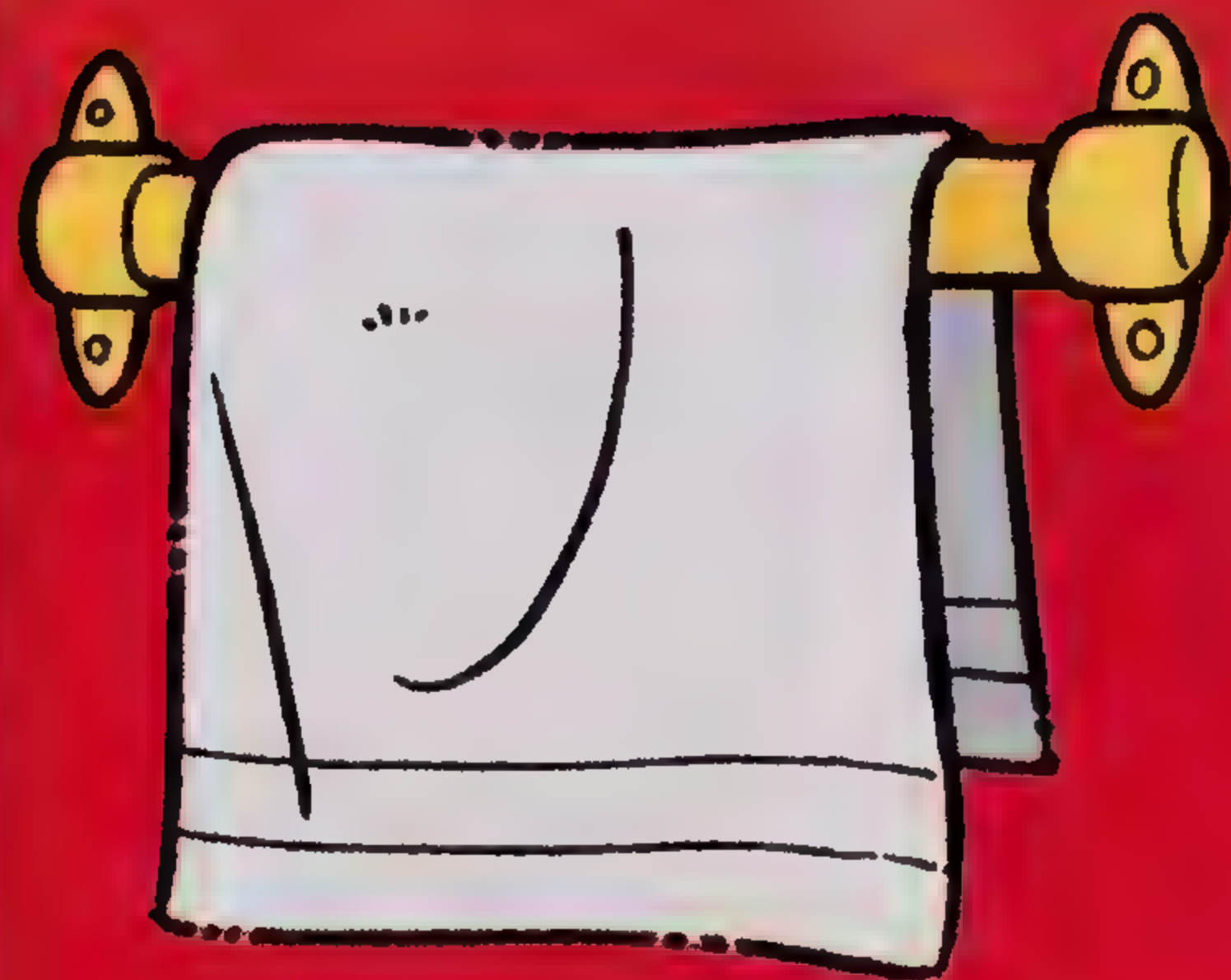
BY  
COMI  
COE  
AUTHOR

# Casper

Casper  
SEPT. No. 2



10¢



Collector's Item! A look back to September 1958. This is the second Harvey Casper comic book cover ever printed!



# THE CLOWNS OF C.I.R.C.U.S.

COUNCIL FOR INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS, COMEDY AND UNITED SILLINESS

IN  
THE ONLY JOKE IN TOWN.

by Craig Shemin  
Illustrations by Rick Geary

Laughter was all around the city, so The Clowns of C.I.R.C.U.S. could relax for a while. In their top-secret headquarters, The Big Top, Blobbo had his big feet up and was watching television, Finch was planning some new disguises, Snook was practicing being sneaky and Teeker was putting the finishing touches on her laser-targeted pie throwing catapult.

Sploosh! A pie landed right on Blobbo's face.

"Oops," said Teeker.

"Nice shot," said Blobbo as he licked the cream pie from his face.

"Not really," replied Teeker. "I was aiming for Finch."

Just then, the Ringmaster's alert went off.

"Ringmaster to Clowns!" blared the intercom. "Meet me at the library right away!"

The Clowns raced to the Clownmobile. For some reason, the four Clowns had more trouble squeezing into the car than usual.

"All right," said Blobbo. "Who ate that leftover cake that was in the fridge?"

"It was me," said Finch. "I didn't think it would

make that much of a difference."

"Well, this is a precision automobile, custom tailored to our exact measurements," said Blobbo.

"One extra pound can make a big difference. Everybody take a deep breath."

Everyone sucked in their stomachs and Blobbo closed the car door.

The tiny Clownmobile zoomed through the city





and into what they thought was a top secret C.I.R.C.U.S. entrance to the library. But, it took the Clowns half an hour to find the Ringmaster.

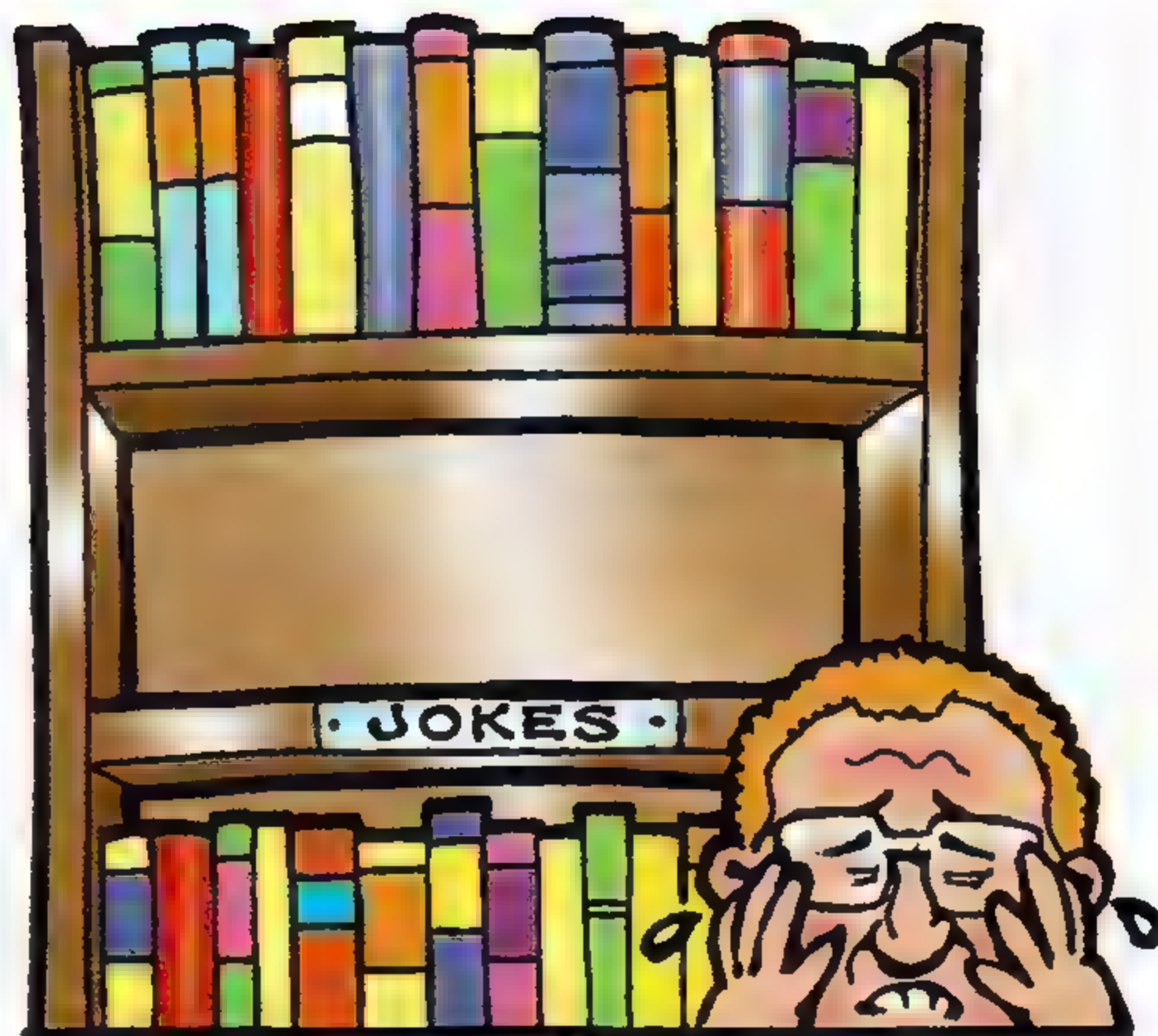
"What took you so long?" asked the Ringmaster.

"It took us a while to find our way out of the library's secret entrance," said Blobbo.

"That wasn't a secret entrance!" said the Ringmaster. "That was the book return slot."

"Oh."

"Anyway, I'm glad you're here," said the Ringmaster.



"I'm glad we're here, too," said Blobbo.

"Me, too," said Finch.

"Me, too," said Teeker.

"Not me," said Snook. "I'd rather be at lunch."

"Snook!" said Blobbo. "Cut that out."

The Ringmaster led the Clowns to a shelf near the very end of the main reading room. A librarian met them there.

"Clowns," said the Ringmaster, "this is the librarian, L.I. Terary. Mr. Terary, tell the Clowns what you told me."

"Well, when we arrived this morning," said the librarian, "all of the joke books in the library were gone."

"Oh no!" shouted Blobbo.

"This is terrible," added Finch.

"What a disaster" said Teeker.

"I'm hungry!" said Snook.

"SNOOK!"

"Sorry."

"And," began the Ringmaster, "all of the bookstores in town also reported their joke books missing."

"If we don't find out who's behind this," said Blobbo, "we're going to have a serious shortage of jokes."

"And that's not funny at all," said the Ringmaster.

Blobbo led the Clowns toward their waiting car.

"Clowns! To the Big Top! If we can ever get back into the car again, that is!"

"And, if we can get it out of the book return," added Snook.

Back at the Big Top, Finch and Snook paced back and forth while they tried to solve the horrendous crime. Teeker was so frustrated she was climbing the walls with her newly invented wall-climbing boots.

Blobbo did what every leader in this situation would do. He put his feet up and turned on the television.

"The Sourpuss is behind bars," said Finch. "So, it couldn't be him."

"And it couldn't be Dr. Knucklehead," said Snook.

"What if a new evil fiend is on the scene?" asked Teeker, who was, by now, dangling from the ceiling. "What do you think, Blobbo?"





"I think it's time for The Milton Burlesque Show," said Blobbo.

The Clowns immediately stopped what they were doing and joined Blobbo in front of the television. Milton Burlesque had been a comedian for a very long time and all of the Clowns were very big fans.

"How many pies do you think he'll throw today?" asked Teeker.

"At least a dozen," said Finch.

"Hiya folks!" said Milton Burlesque, dressed in a baggy pants outfit. "A funny thing happened on the way to the show... too bad it's not going to happen during the show—you'd get a big laugh out of it!"

By the time The Milton Burlesque Show ended, the Clowns were exhausted from laughing so hard.

"Whooooooo!" said Blobbo! "That was his best show ever."

"You said it," said Finch.

"If there's a joke shortage in town, you'd never know it from watching that show!" said Teeker.

"Yeah, he has plenty of 'em," said Snook. All of the Clowns looked at each other.

"You don't think Milton Burlesque is behind all this, do you?" asked Snook.

"I hope not," said Blobbo.

"But it makes sense," said Teeker.

"The guy just did his funniest show on the same day that all joke books in town turn up missing," said Finch.

"But, Milton wouldn't do such a thing," said Blobbo.

"Or would he? To the Clownmobile!!"

Could Milton Burlesque do such a thing? The Clowns would soon find out. Blobbo steered the Clownmobile up to the TV studio's main gate. The car was so small that the guard almost didn't see it.

"Where are you headed, folks?" asked the guard.

"We're here to see Milton Burlesque," said Blobbo.

"Sorry," replied the guard. "Mr. Burlesque isn't seeing anyone."

"But, we're the Clowns of C.I.R.C.U.S.," said Blobbo!





"Yeah," added Finch. "We're super secret agents sworn to protect the world from seriousness and make the Earth safe for laughter. Haven't you heard of us?"

"Nope."

"Hmmm," said Finch. "I guess you wouldn't have. I keep forgetting we're secret agents!"

"Come on folks," said the guard. "Let's back this little car up."

The Clowns backed out of the studio's driveway and hid the Clown-mobile under a mailbox.

"We have to figure out a way to get into the studio," said Blobbo.

"How about my catapult?" asked Teeker.

"I don't think so," said Blobbo. "My back still hurts from last time."

"I think I have an idea," said Snook. "But we'll need some of Finch's disguises." "No problem," said Finch.

"And we'll need some quick props," said Snook.

"Leave that to me!" said Teeker.

"Okay, we'll set up the camera over there!" said Blobbo.

The Clowns were all in disguise, pretending to be a movie crew. Blobbo was wearing a baseball cap, pretending to be a director. The other clowns carried film equipment and Blobbo led them toward the studio gate.

"What's going on here?" asked the guard.

"We're making a movie! This is a movie studio, isn't it?"

"Well, actually, it's a TV studio, but..." said the guard.

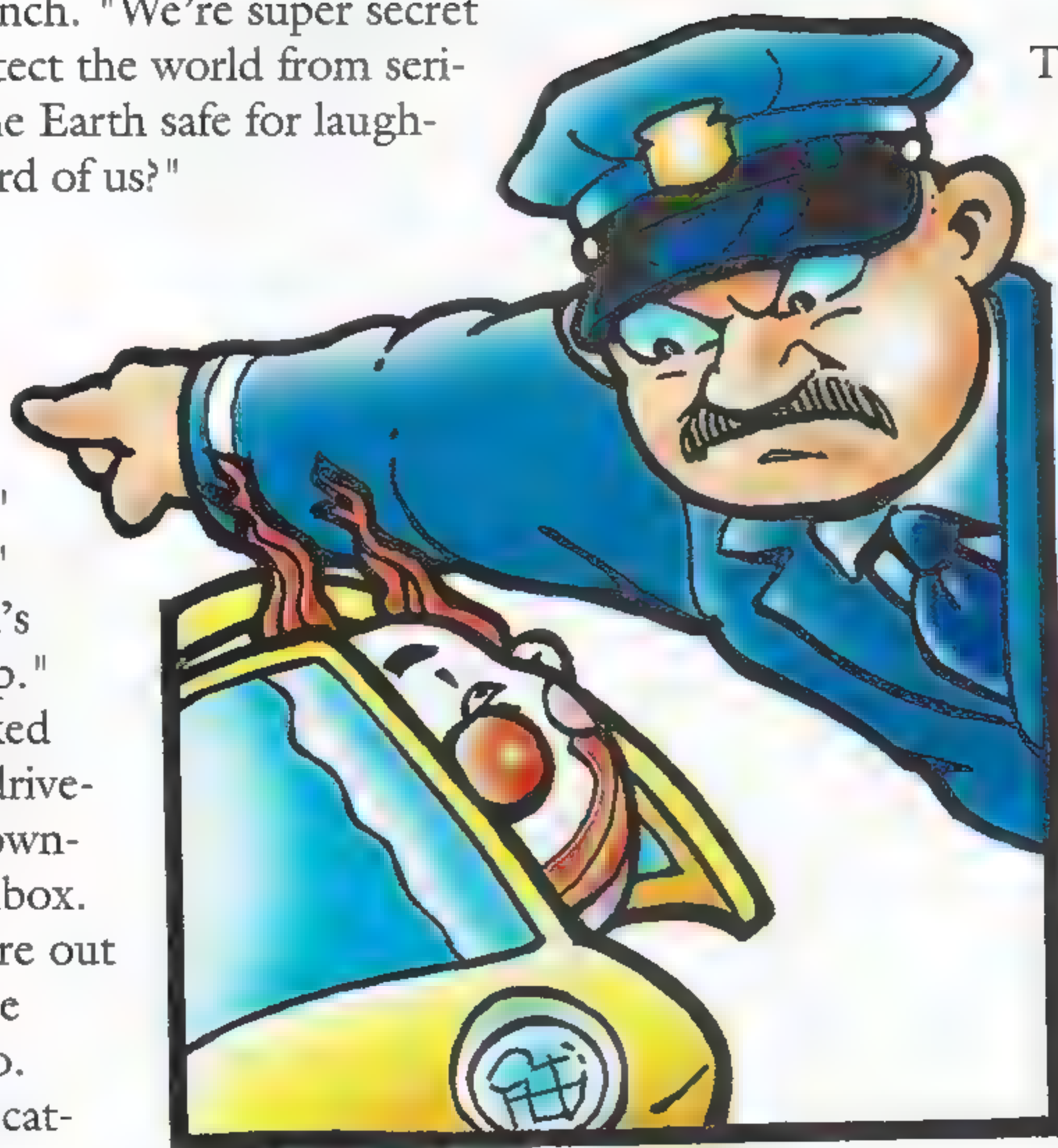
"Step aside, son," said Blobbo. "We're losing our light here!"

"Oh, sorry...." The guard opened the gate and the Clowns walked through.

"We did it!" said Finch. "Now let's find Milton Burlesque!"

The Clowns found a dressing room with a big star on it.

"This must be it," said Blobbo.





They knocked on the door.

"Go away!" bellowed a voice from behind the door.

"That's him," said Blobbo. "I know that voice anywhere."

The Clowns knocked again.

"Go away!"

"How do we get him to open the door?" asked Snook.

"I think I know how," said Teeker.

Teeker knocked on the door again.

"Mr. Burlesque!" called Teeker. "Knock! Knock!"

"Who's there?" the voice answered back.

"Orange!"

"Orange, who?"

"Orange you glad I didn't say banana?" Teeker giggled.

There was a long pause, and then the Clowns heard the door being unlocked. Milton Burlesque opened the door, laughing.

"That's my favorite knock knock joke. Errr, who are you guys?"

"Mr. Burlesque, we're The Clowns of C.I.R.C.U.S.," said Blobbo.

"We have reason to believe you may be involved in the theft of some joke books," added Finch.

"Okay, so I took a few joke books," said Burlesque.

"But, why?" asked Teeker.

"I figured if there was a joke shortage, it would make my show more popular."

"But your show is already the most popular show on TV," said Blobbo.

"Now you tell me!" said Burlesque.

"Hey, did hear the one about the pirate who fell down a lot? They called him Black and Bluebeard!"

The Clowns couldn't help but laugh. And




when they did, Milton Burlesque tried to get away. But, he didn't get very far. Burlesque took three steps before he tripped on Blobbo's big shoe and bumped into a nearby closet door. The door sprang open and the contents of the very full closet fell directly onto Burlesque. Milton Burlesque was buried under hundreds of joke books.

"I can't believe it," said Blobbo. "I looked up to you."

"From where he's lying, he can look up to you for a change," said

Snook.

"So who wants to say it?" asked Finch.

"Oooh! Oooh! Let me!" begged Teeker. "Well, Mr. Burlesque, I guess the joke's on you!" 





# THE WORLD OF WILLIAM JOYCE SCRAPBOOK

## When I was a kid,

I didn't have many books, just a Mother Goose book, a fairy-tale book, and a book called *Where the Wild Things Are*.

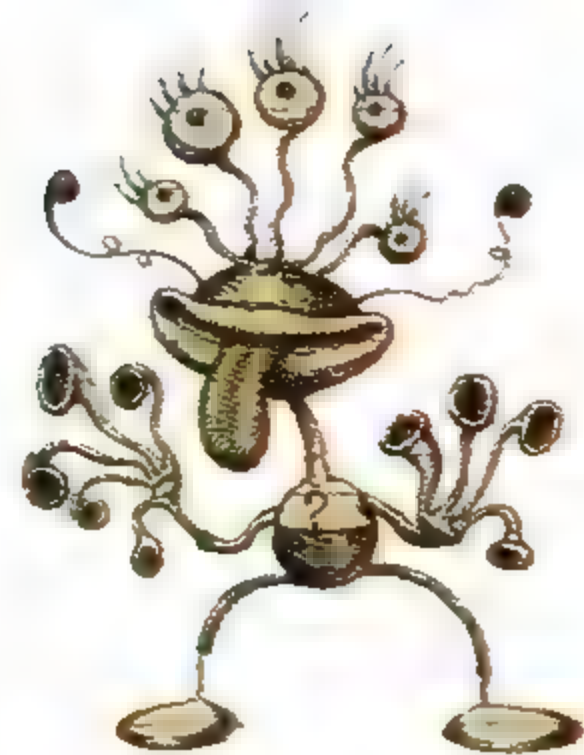
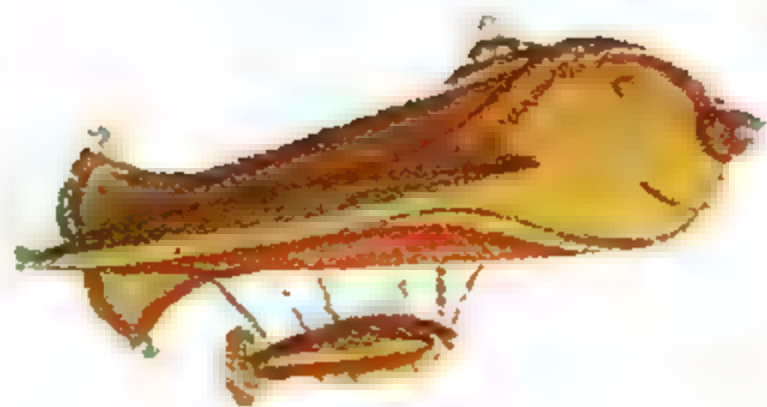
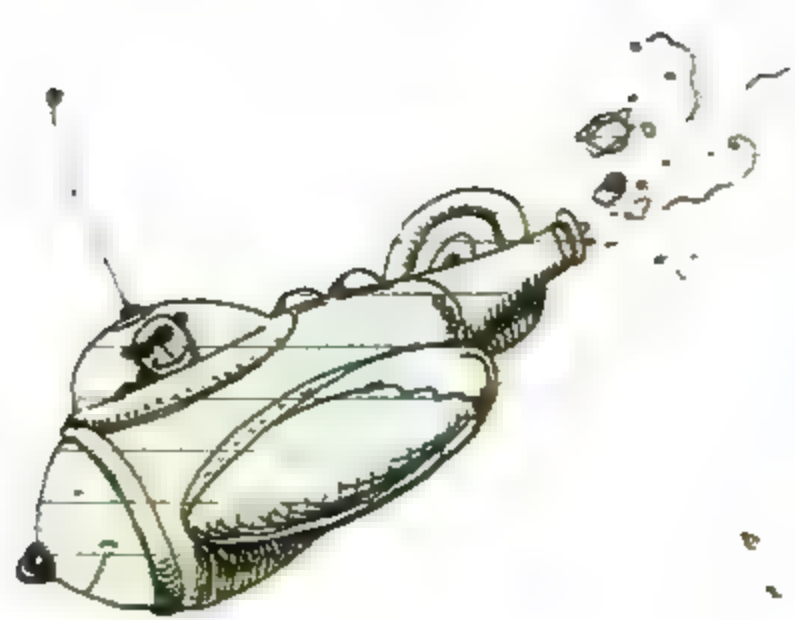
But I did play with my toys and watched TV a lot. TV was different then. There were only three channels and all the shows were in black and white, but there was plenty of cool stuff to watch. On summer nights, my sisters and I would watch cartoons, westerns, and monster movies all night long (or until we fell asleep).

I loved the stories in those old movies and I loved the drawings in *Where the Wild Things Are*. They really got my imagination going. So I started making up my own stories and drawing pictures to go with them. At first they were just about monsters and cars and spaceships and dinosaurs eating my sisters.



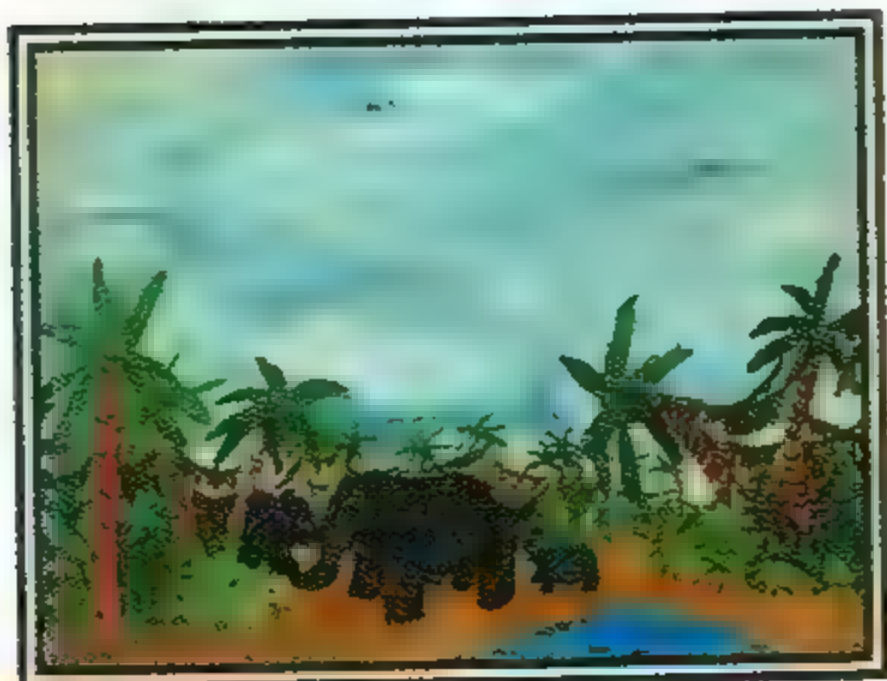
*You probably know William Joyce's work from his books, **Dinosaur Bob** and **George Shrinks**. His beautiful artwork, along with his wacky storytelling has made him a favorite of children and adults alike. In the next few pages, the Emmy-award winning artist [Rolie Polie Olie] tells us a bit about himself and how he makes his characters come to life.*





**My first drawings** were pretty simple. But I kept drawing and painting and telling stories with my pictures. My parents let me have art lessons, and I had a couple of teachers and librarians who encouraged me. I read lots of books and tried all different mediums—watercolors, oils, pencils, pastels, charcoal, crayons, felt-tipped pens, pen and ink—you name it. The older I got the more I learned. I had favorite artists that I studied and even copied. I didn't copy them to make it easier to draw a picture. I copied them to learn how they drew. My favorite artists were Maurice Sendak, who did *WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE*, Beatrix Potter, who did *PETER RABBIT*, and N.C. Wyeth, who did lots of famous stories like *ROBIN HOOD* and *TREASURE ISLAND*. There were times when my drawings looked too much like theirs, but in time I found my own style.

AGE 7



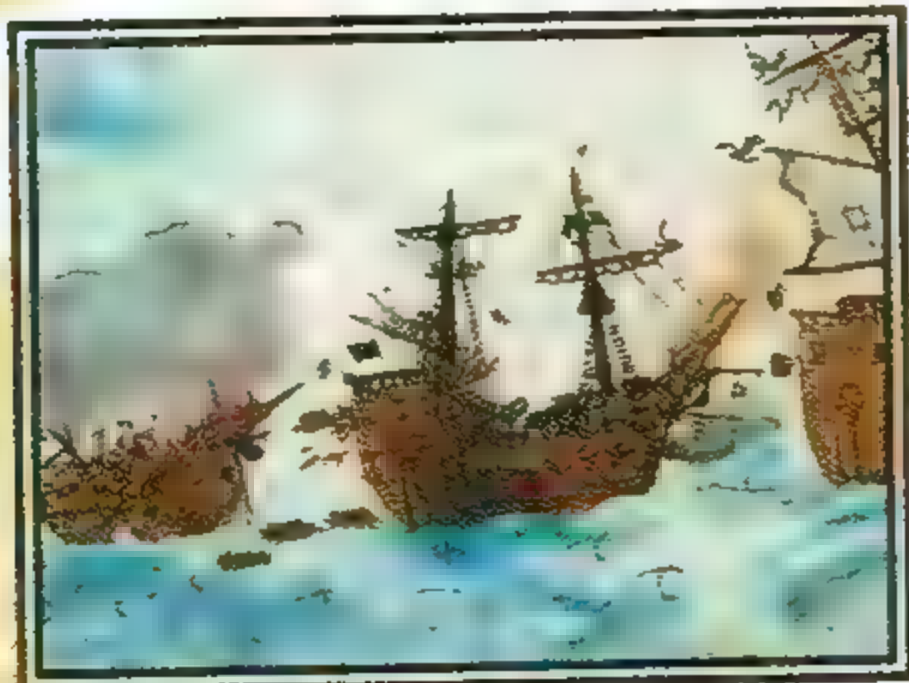
AGE 8



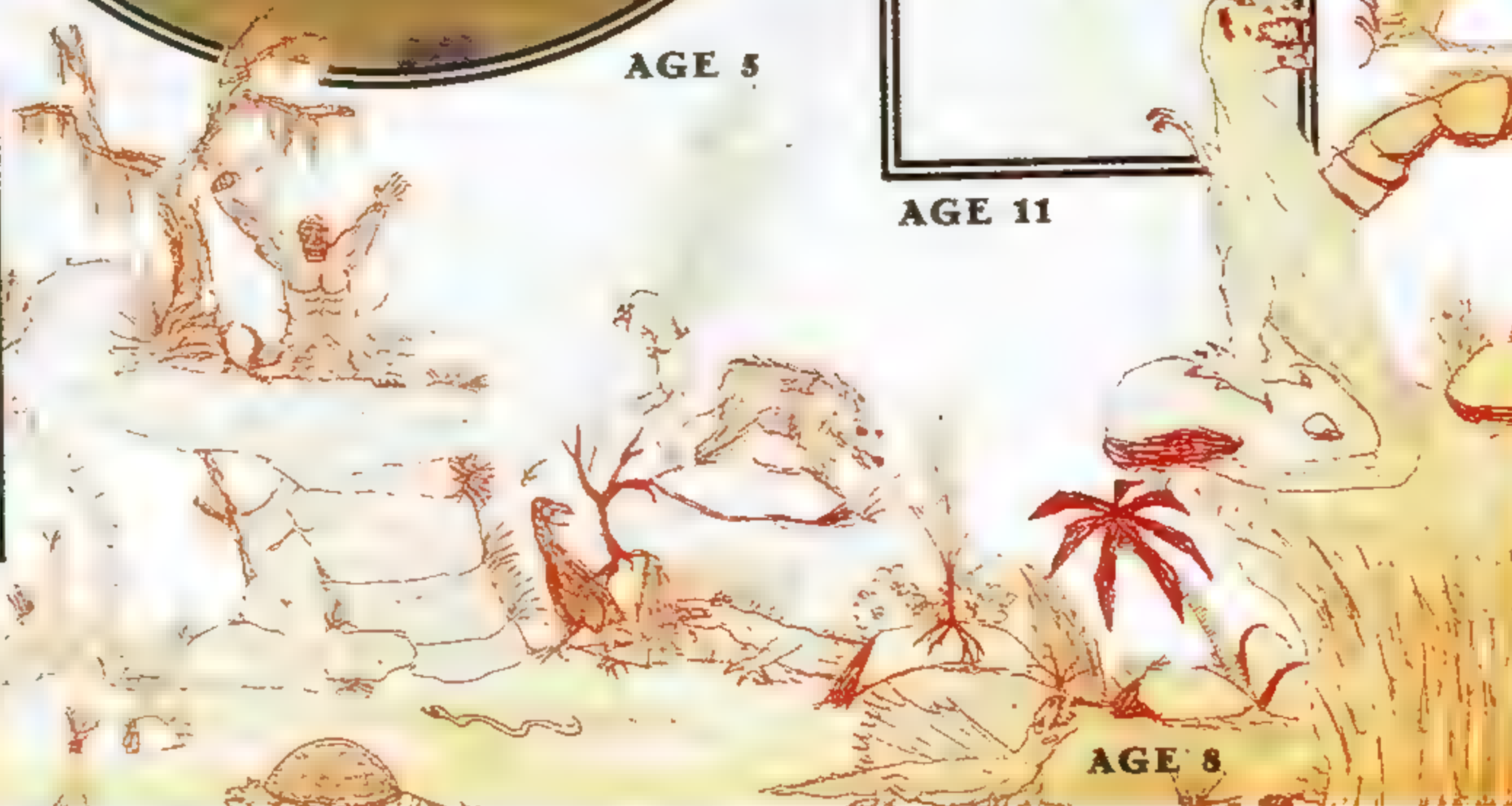
AGE 5



AGE 11



AGE 9

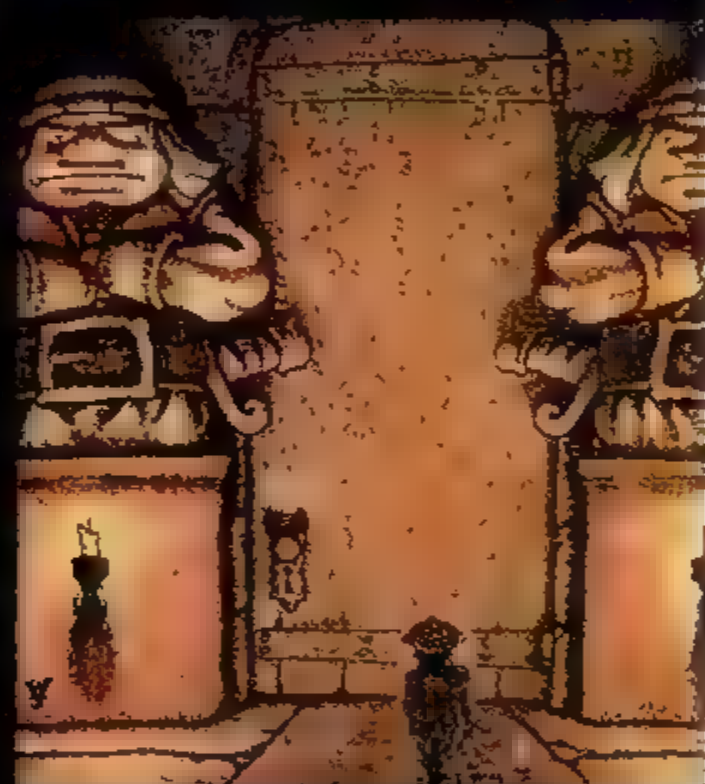


AGE 8





AGE 18



AGE 17



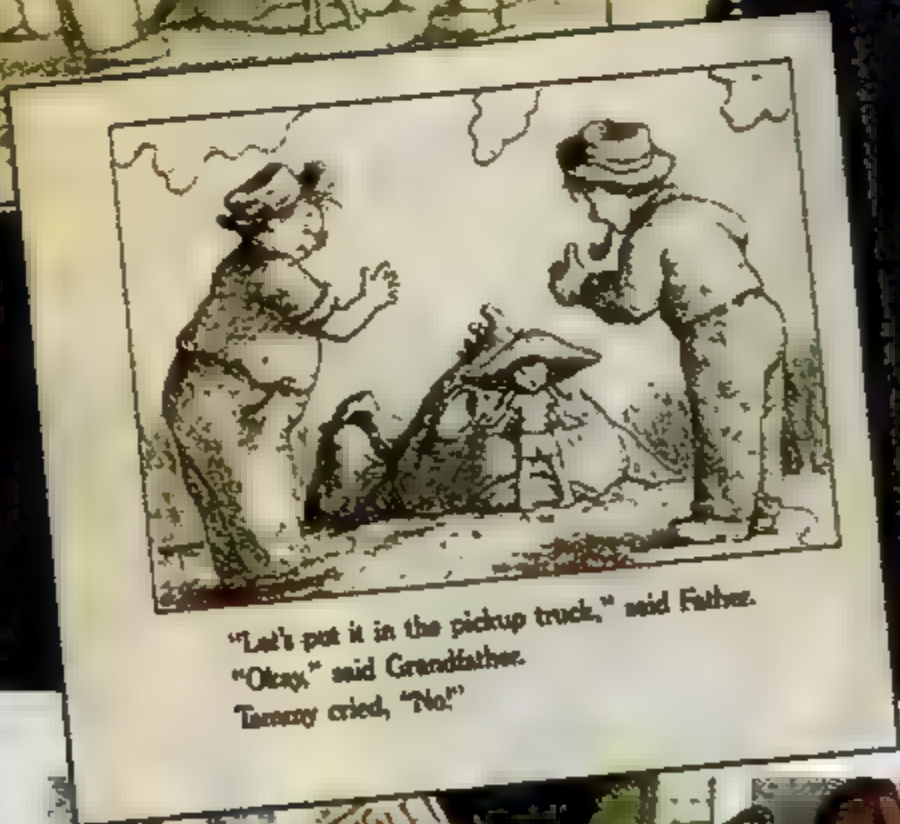
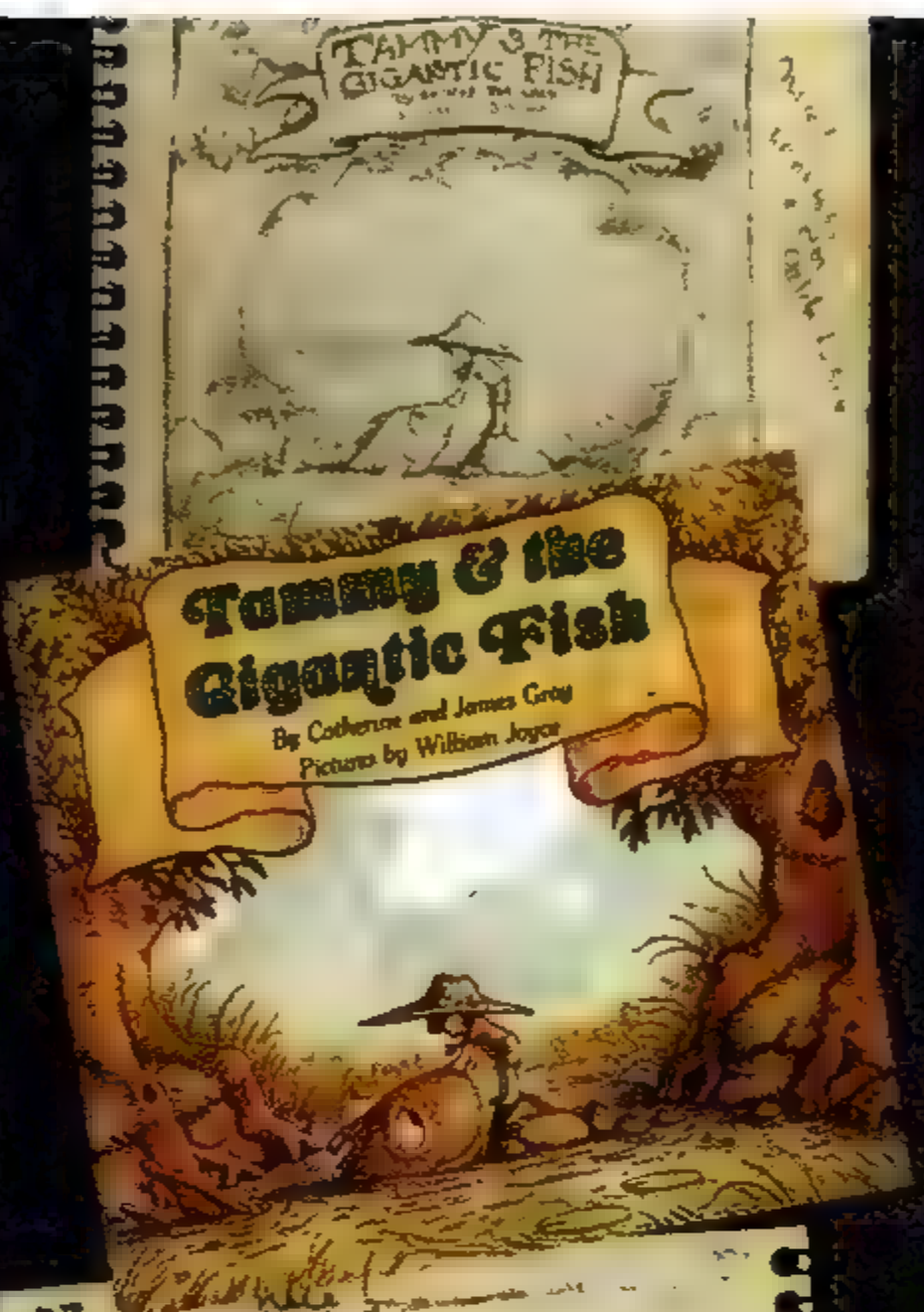




## How I Do a Book

It takes a long time to do a book, so I have to like the story or the idea a whole lot. The shortest time I spent on a book was two months. That was on my first book, *Tammy and the Gigantic Fish*. But I spent almost two years on my book *Santa Calls*.

First I plan the whole book with a series of pencil drawings. I figure out what the people and places will look like and where the words will fit. These first drawings are often very loose, but they help me figure out how to do my paintings. The color paintings take the most time to do, so the more I plan, the less likely I am to make a mistake. If you look closely and compare the sketches and paintings, you can see that I change my mind a lot. I move people around and make their hair or clothes different.



Shoes for fishing, shoes for wishing,

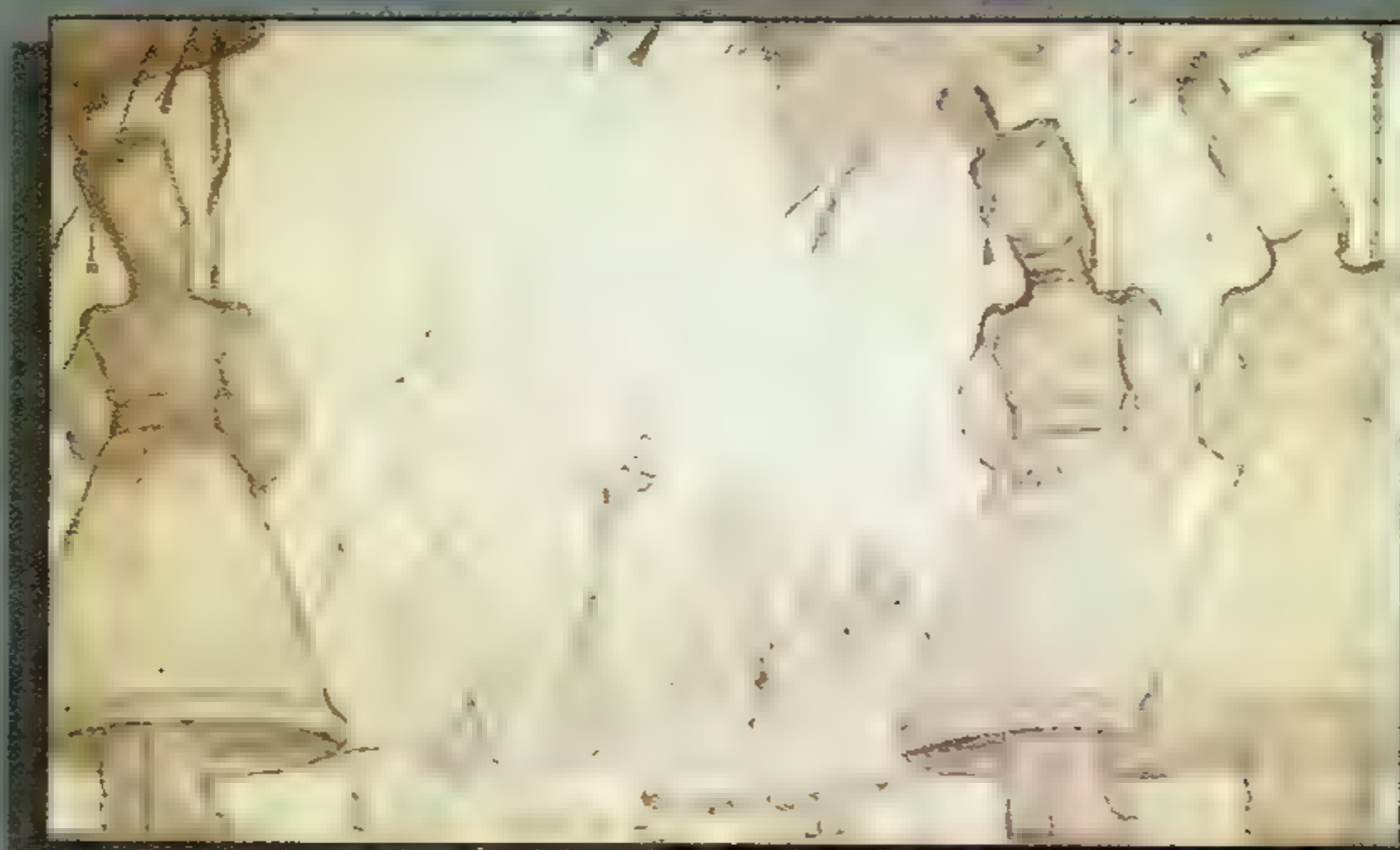
rubber shoes for muddy squishing.



SHOES FOR FISHING  
SHOES FOR WISHING...

RUBBER SHOES FOR MUDDY  
SQUISHING...





Sometimes I'm unhappy with a finished painting and start over from scratch, like with these pictures from *Santa Calls*.

I usually paint using very watery layers. First I do yellow, then red, then blue, and then brown or black. Using these four colors, I can mix any color there is.

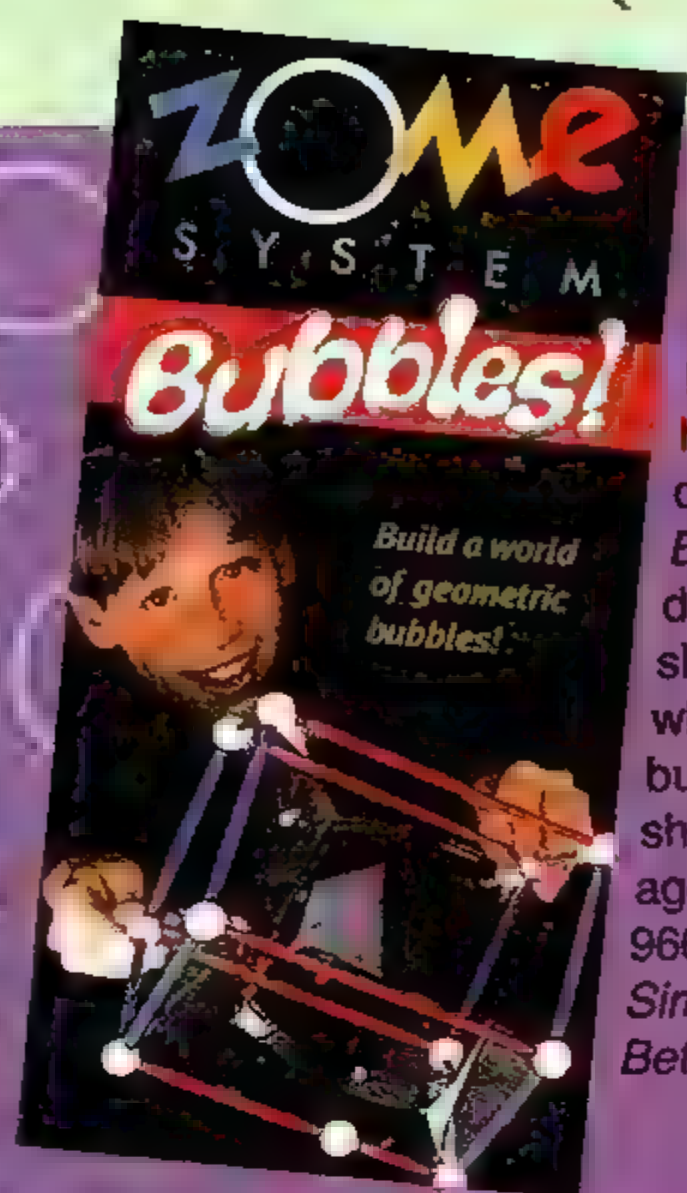






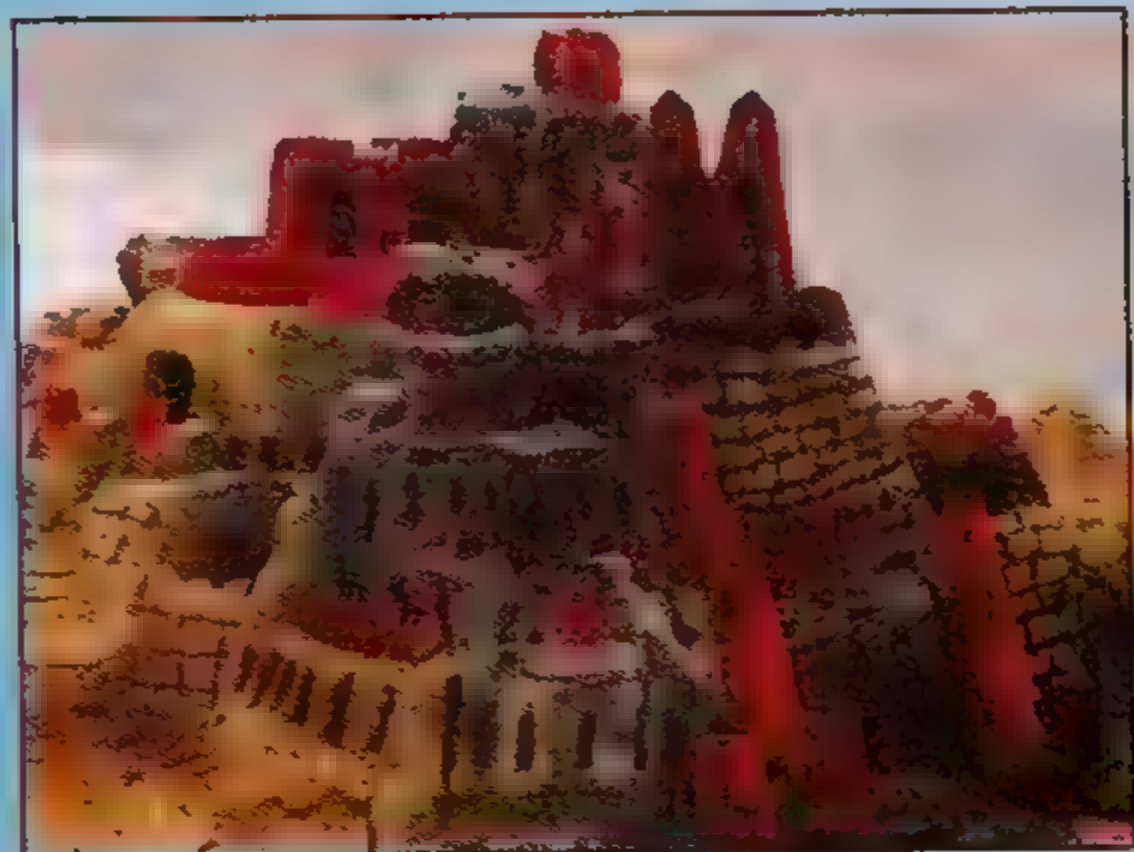
# cool stuff

## For the Summer



### Fantabulous!

I've always liked blowing bubbles, but I had no idea what bubbles could really do until I played with the *Zome System Bubbles Kit*. With this kit I built lots of different shapes and then dipped my shapes into the bubble solution to see what happened. Inside the shapes I'd built, the bubble solution made other wild shapes. I was covered in bubbles! (For ages 6 and up. *Zometool*, \$9.95. Call (888) 966-3386 for more info.)  
**Simone P., 11 years old**  
 Bethlehem, PA



### Psychedelic Psand

My sandcastles are going to be the craziest on the beach this summer, because I've got *Sand Spray*. It's a cool new spray just for coloring sand, so once you've finished building castles and sculptures you can spray paint them different colors. I even buried my dad and spray painted his arms and legs. He looked awesome! (For ages 5 and up. *Creative Toy Corp.*, \$3.95. Call (888) 234-8003 for more info.)  
**Melody B., 9 years old**  
 Orlando, FL

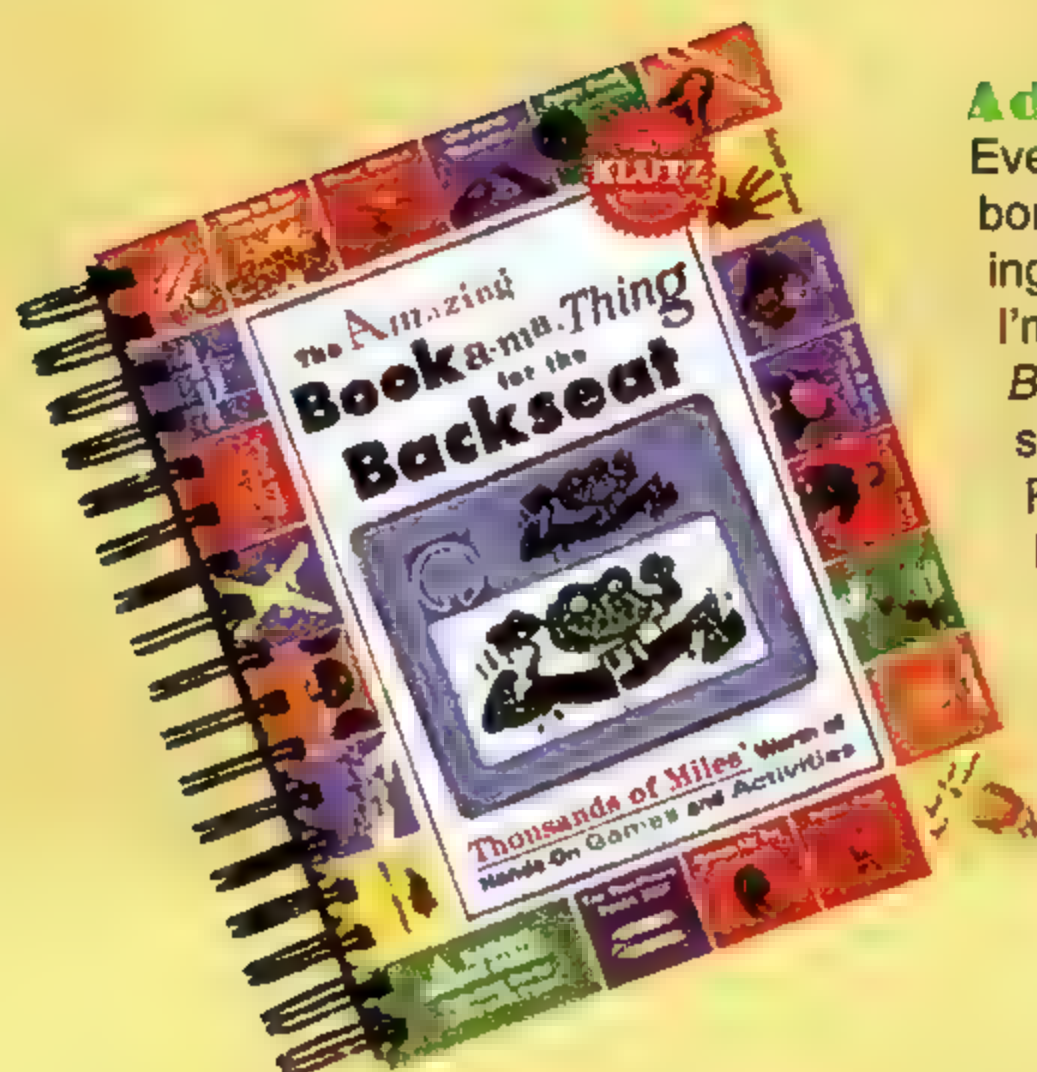
### It's in the Bag

Guess what? I just got a really cool knapsack. What makes it so cool is the fact that there is a special front pocket for a portable CD player. It's protected by padding and has a sort of covered hole to feed the wire through. It lets you listen to your cd player without holding onto it! It also has a big cargo area for books or beach stuff! (For all ages. *Jansport's Jam'n*, \$44.95. Call (800) 552-6776 for more info.)  
**Nick L., 11 years old**  
 Long Valley, NJ



### Adios Backseat Blues!

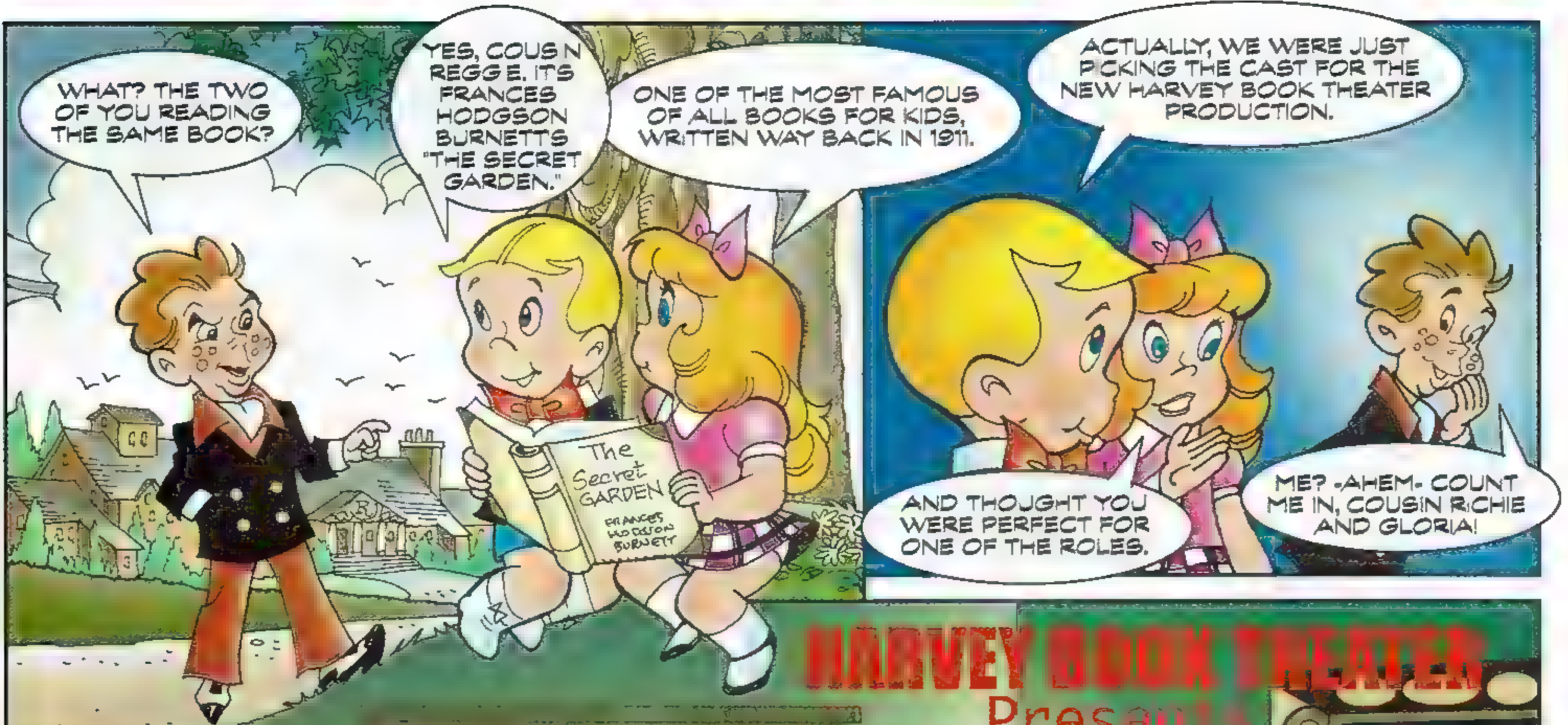
Every summer I spend hours sitting bored in the backseat of our car waiting to get somewhere! But this year I'm taking *The Amazing Backseat Book-a-ma-Thing* with me. There are so many neat games to play like Penny Golf, Monkey Swing and Backseat Baseball, that there's no way I'll be bored! There are even back-tickling stories that I'm sure will make my sister squirm. (For ages 5 and up. *KLUTZ*, \$16.95)  
**Joshua S., 8 years old**  
 Minneapolis, MN



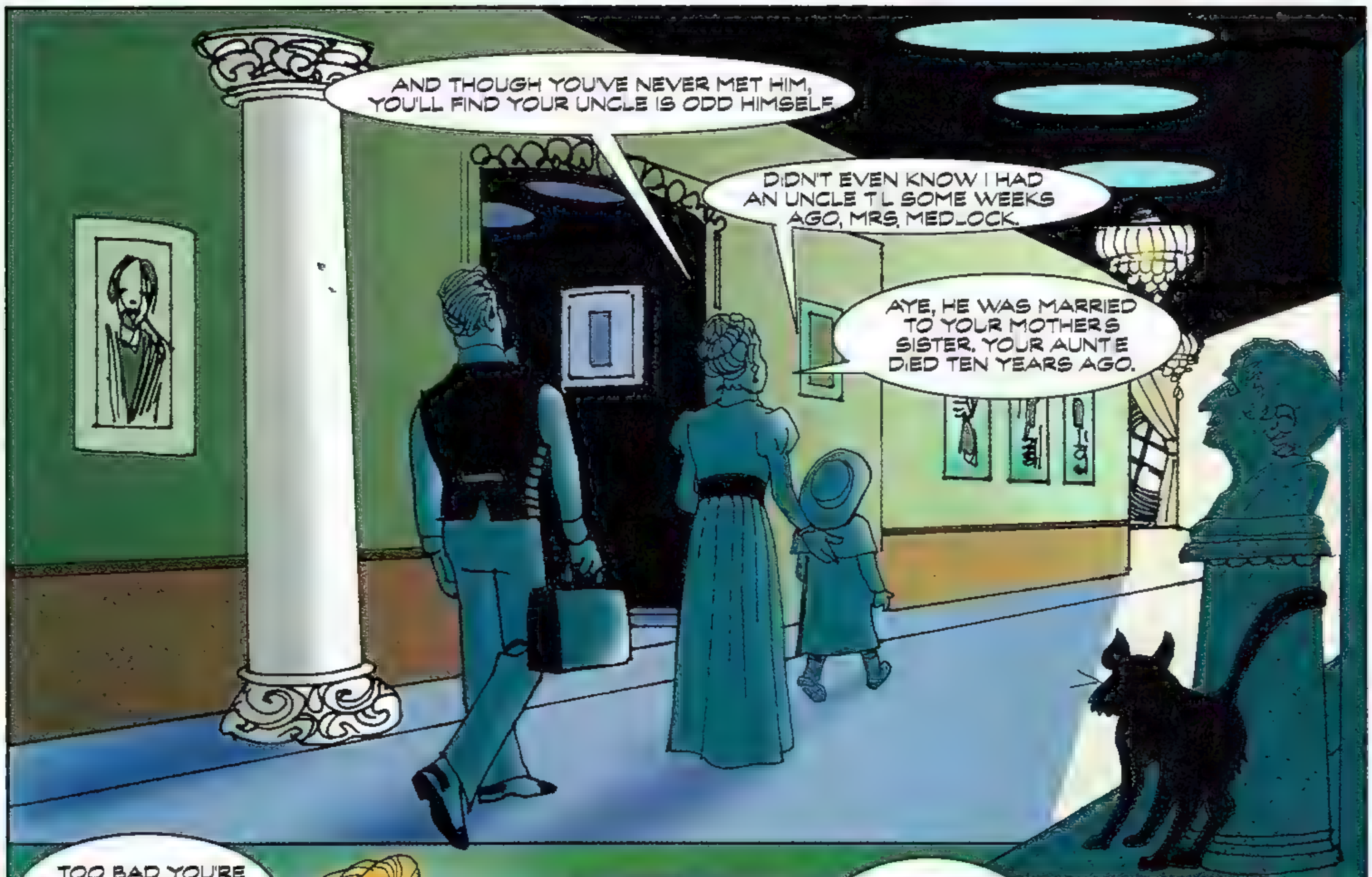
### Canned Heat

This remote control car, *Canned Heat*, zips around corners, knocks into walls and goes under chairs, people—whatever. I have fun steering it around my sister in circles. My dog likes it the best! This RC comes in a can so it's small enough that I can take it wherever I go. I'll have no problem taking this one on vacation with me. (For ages 5 and up. *Tyco R/C*, \$19.99)  
**Tristan I., 10 years old**  
 Paris, TX









AND THOUGH YOU'VE NEVER MET HIM, YOU'LL FIND YOUR UNCLE IS ODD HIMSELF.

DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HAD AN UNCLE TIL SOME WEEKS AGO, MRS. MEDLOCK.

AYE, HE WAS MARRIED TO YOUR MOTHER'S SISTER. YOUR AUNTE DIED TEN YEARS AGO.

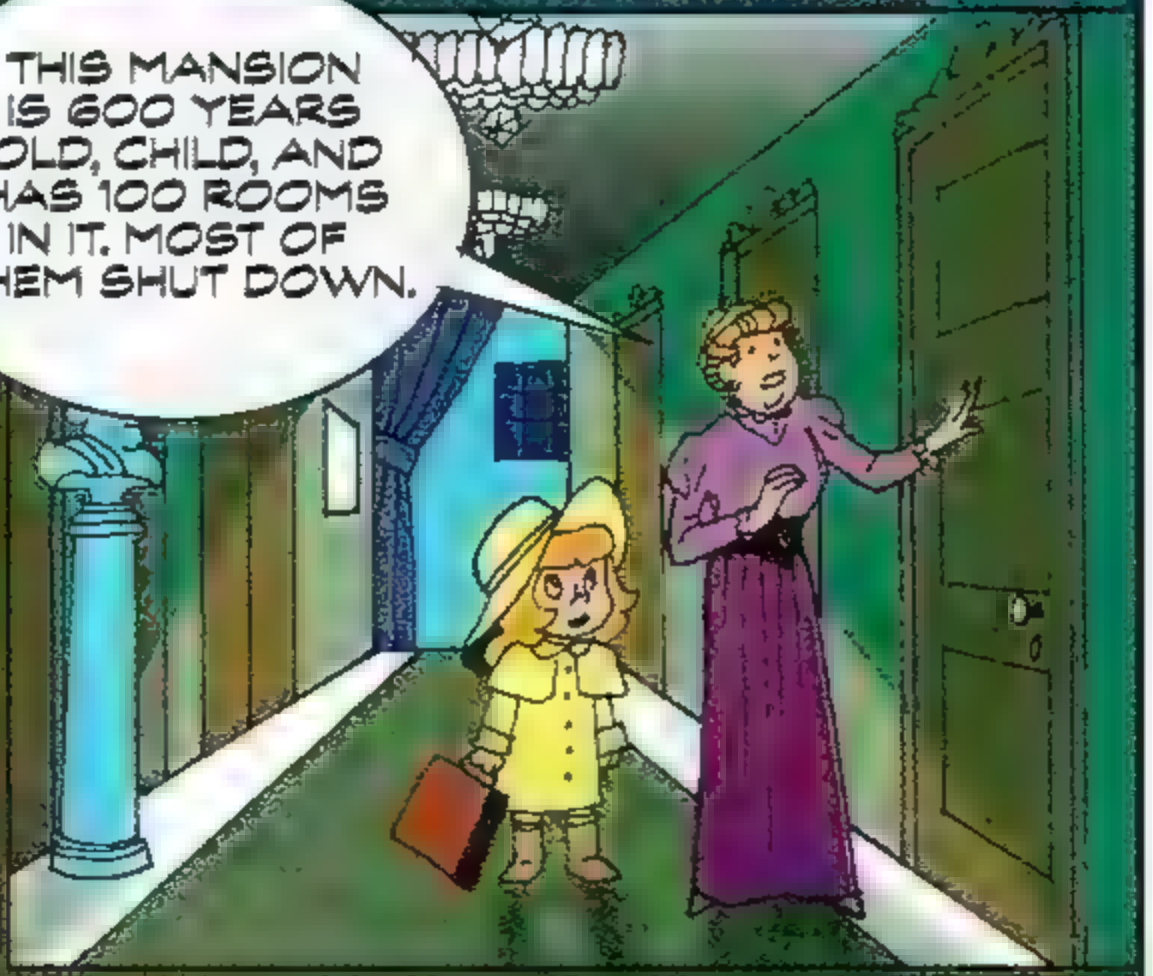


TOO BAD YOU'RE NOT AS PRETTY AS YOUR AUNT OR YOUR MOTHER.

MARY LEARNED MANY THINGS THAT DAY. NOT THE LEAST THAT SHE WAS THOUGHT TO BE UNATTRACTIVE.



THIS MANSION IS 600 YEARS OLD, CHILD, AND HAS 100 ROOMS IN IT. MOST OF THEM SHUT DOWN.



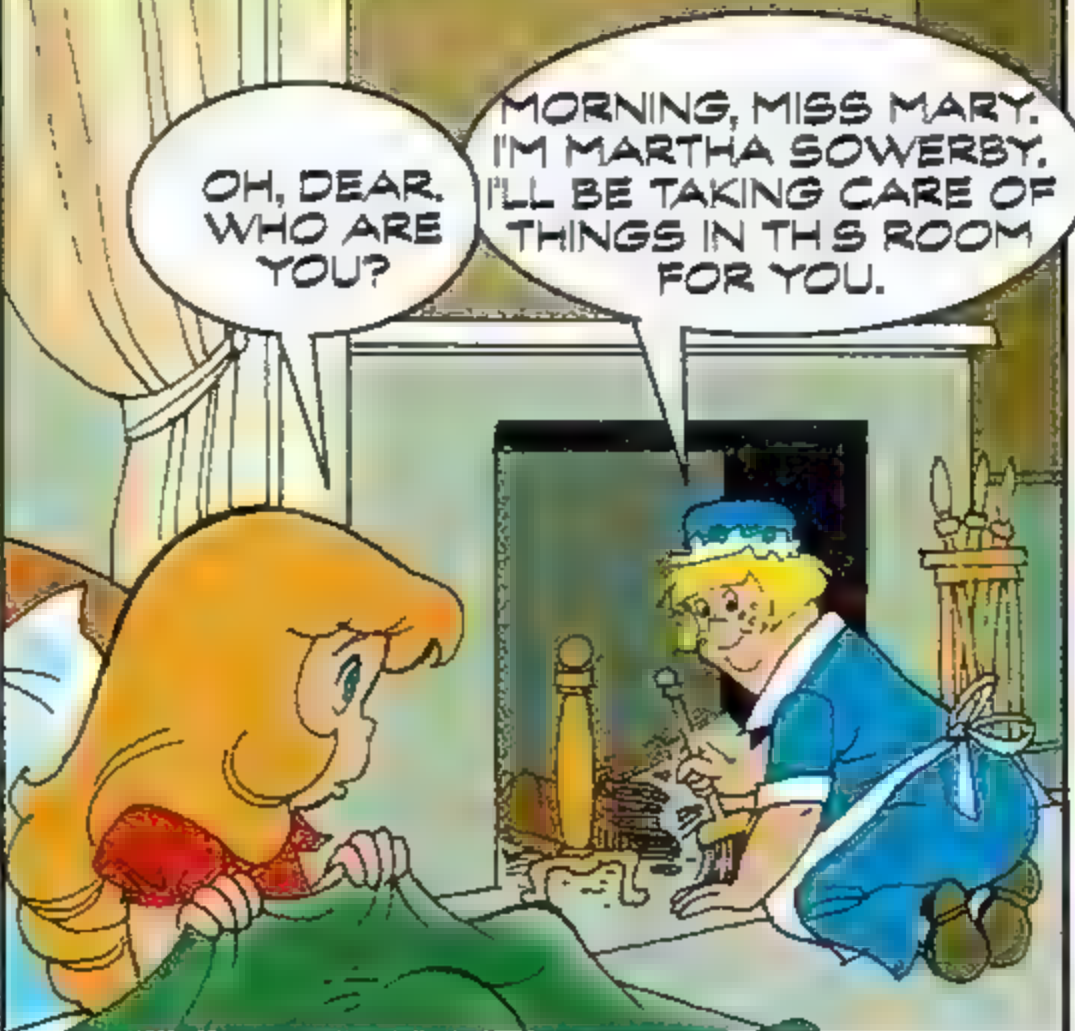
YOU'LL LIVE HERE, MARY. HERE AND IN THE NEXT ROOM. AND YOU MUST KEEP TO THEM.

I'LL DO WHAT EVER MY UNCLE ASKS. I'M SORRY HE'S NOT HERE TO GREET ME.



NO, SHE WAS TOLD. HE COULDN'T SEE HER, HE'D BE OFF TO LONDON IN THE MORNING.

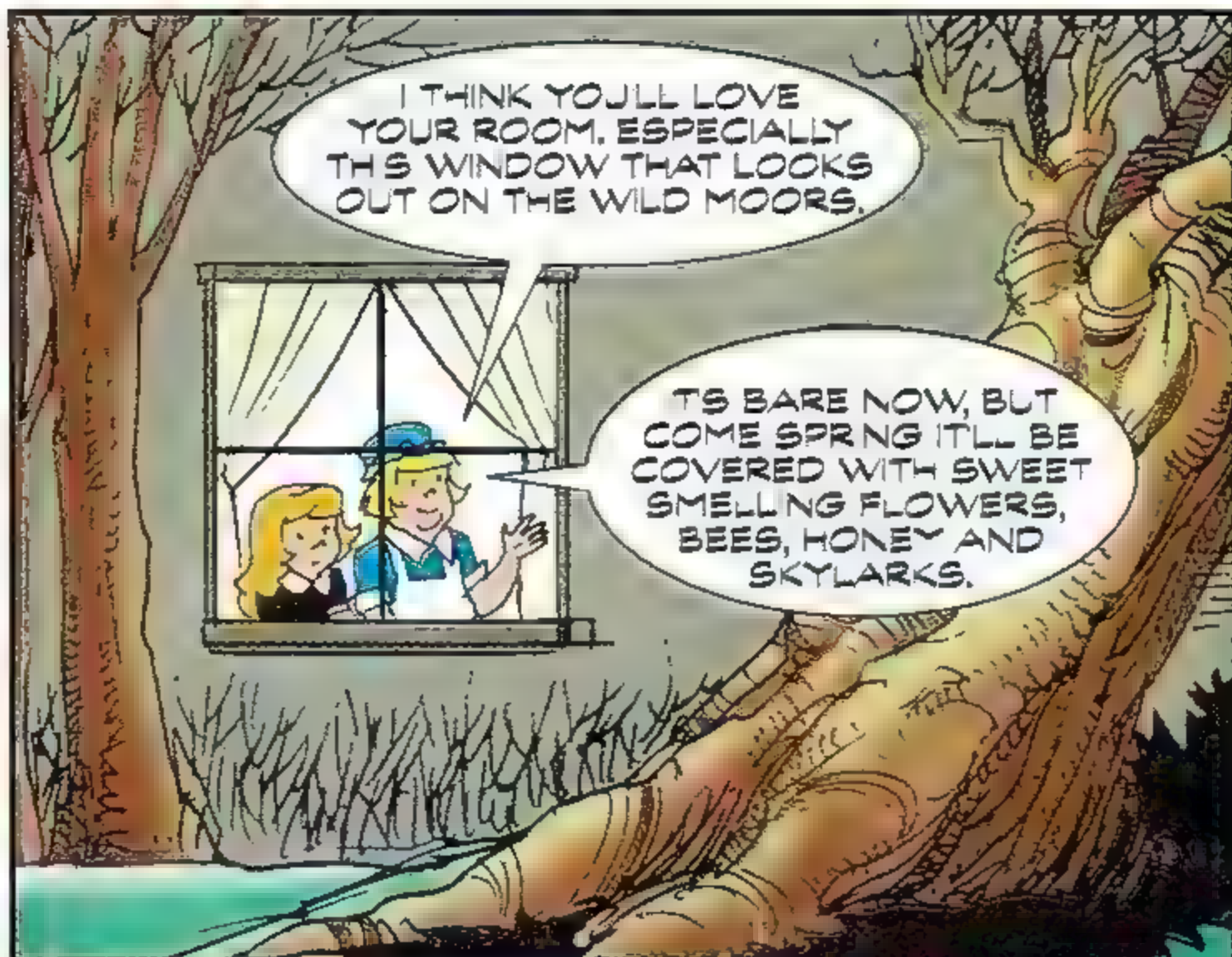
NEXT MORNING..



OH, DEAR. WHO ARE YOU?

MORNING, MISS MARY. I'M MARTHA SOWERBY. I'LL BE TAKING CARE OF THINGS IN THIS ROOM FOR YOU.





I THINK YOU'LL LOVE YOUR ROOM. ESPECIALLY THIS WINDOW THAT LOOKS OUT ON THE WILD MOORS.

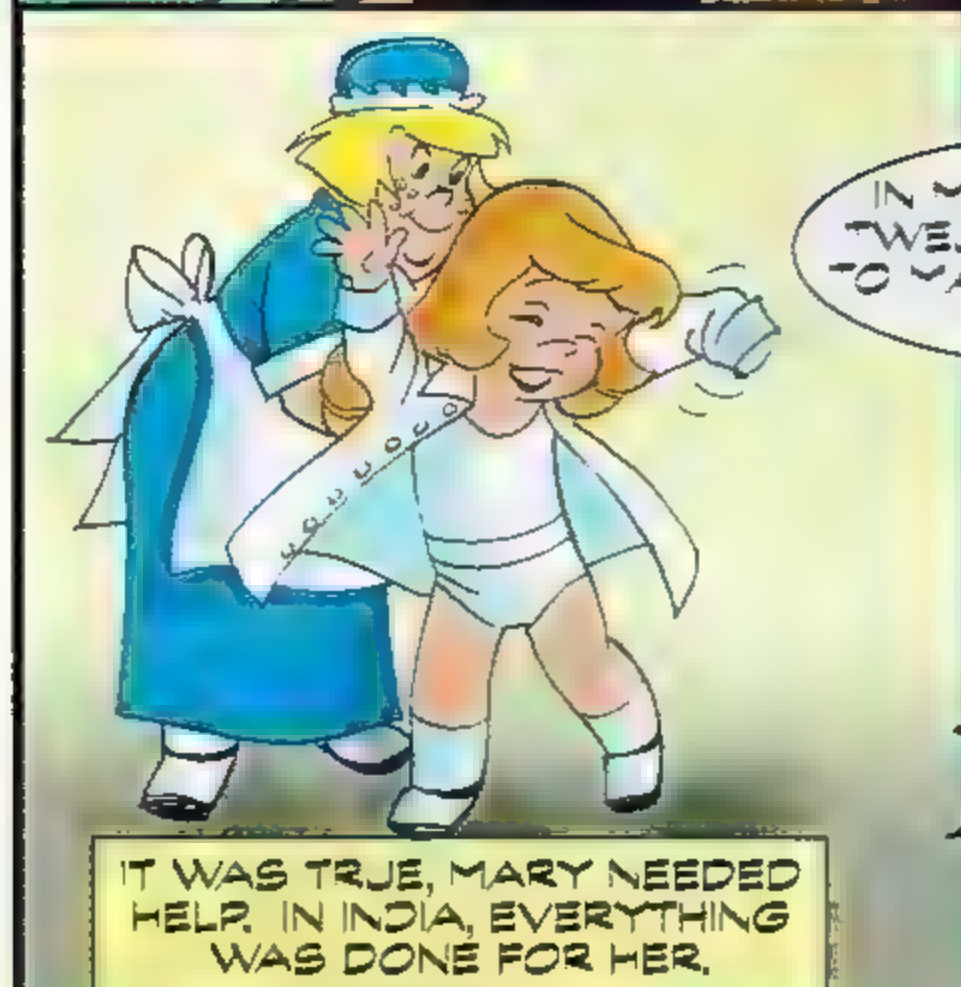
IT'S BARE NOW, BUT COME SPRING IT'LL BE COVERED WITH SWEET SMELLING FLOWERS, BEES, HONEY AND SKYLARKS.



THESE ARE YOUR NEW CLOTHES, MISS MARY. MR. CRAVEN ORDERED THEM FROM LONDON FOR YOU.

THEY'RE SO COLORFUL!

MY CLOTHES FROM INDIA WERE ALL BLACK AND DULL. WILL YOU HELP ME WITH THEM?



IT WAS TRUE, MARY NEEDED HELP. IN INDIA, EVERYTHING WAS DONE FOR HER.



HE'S KIND AND ALL ANIMALS LOVE HIM.

I SHOULD LIKE TO MEET HIM SOMEDAY.

PERHAPS YOU WILL.

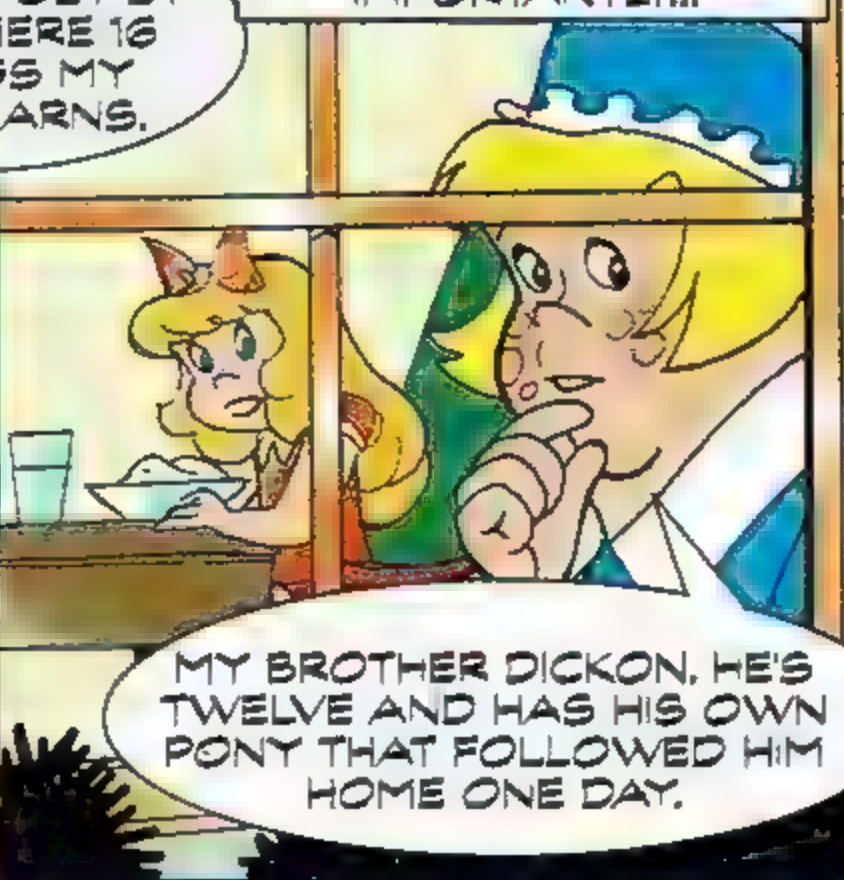
BUT TODAY YOU OUGHT TO GO OUT AND ENJOY THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.

IN MY FAMILY, ALL TWELVE OF US HAD TO MANAGE BY OURSELVES.



AND ALSO GET BY ON THE MERE 16 SHILLINGS MY FATHER EARNS.

MARTHA TOLD MARY OF MANY THINGS THAT MORNING. BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY...



MY BROTHER DICKON, HE'S TWELVE AND HAS HIS OWN PONY THAT FOLLOWED HIM HOME ONE DAY.



JUST KEEP AWAY FROM THE ONE THAT'S BEEN LOCKED FOR TEN YEARS!

WHAT?

YOUR UNCLE LOCKED IT WHEN YOUR AUNT DIED. HE LOCKED THE DOOR AND BURIED THE KEY.





AS MARY WANDERED,  
SHE CAME UPON...

THE NAME IS BEN  
WEATHERSTAFF,  
YOUNG LADY. I  
WORK THE GARDENS  
FOR YOUR UNCLE.

NICE TO KNOW  
YOU, SIR. YOU  
SEEM TO HAVE  
A GOOD FRIEND  
IN THAT BIRD.



AH, YES.  
THE ROBIN  
SEEMS TO  
TAKE A  
FANCY TO  
YOU, TOO.



WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO MAKE FRIENDS  
WITH ME?

WHY. YOU ALMOST  
SOUNDED LIKE DICKON  
WHEN HE TALKS TO  
WILD THINGS ON THE  
MOOR.



DO YOU  
KNOW  
DICKON?

EVERYBODY KNOWS  
DICKON. HE WANDERS  
ABOUT EVERYWHERE.  
I'M SURE THE FOXES  
SHOW HIM WHERE  
THE CUBS LIVE.



OH, LOOK. HE'S  
FLYING INTO  
THE GARDEN  
WHERE THERE'S  
NO DOOR.

HEH, HEH.  
HE LIVES  
THERE.

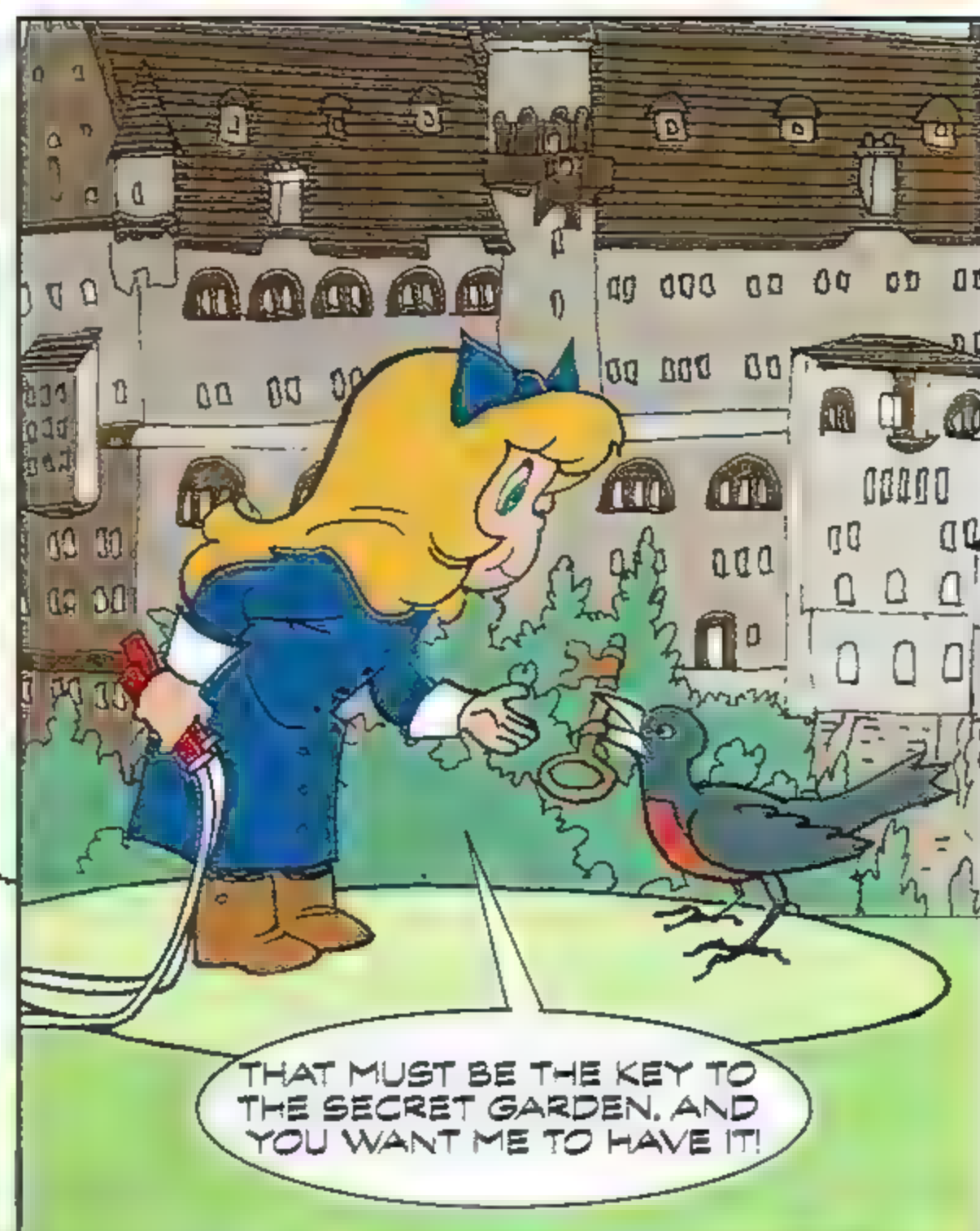
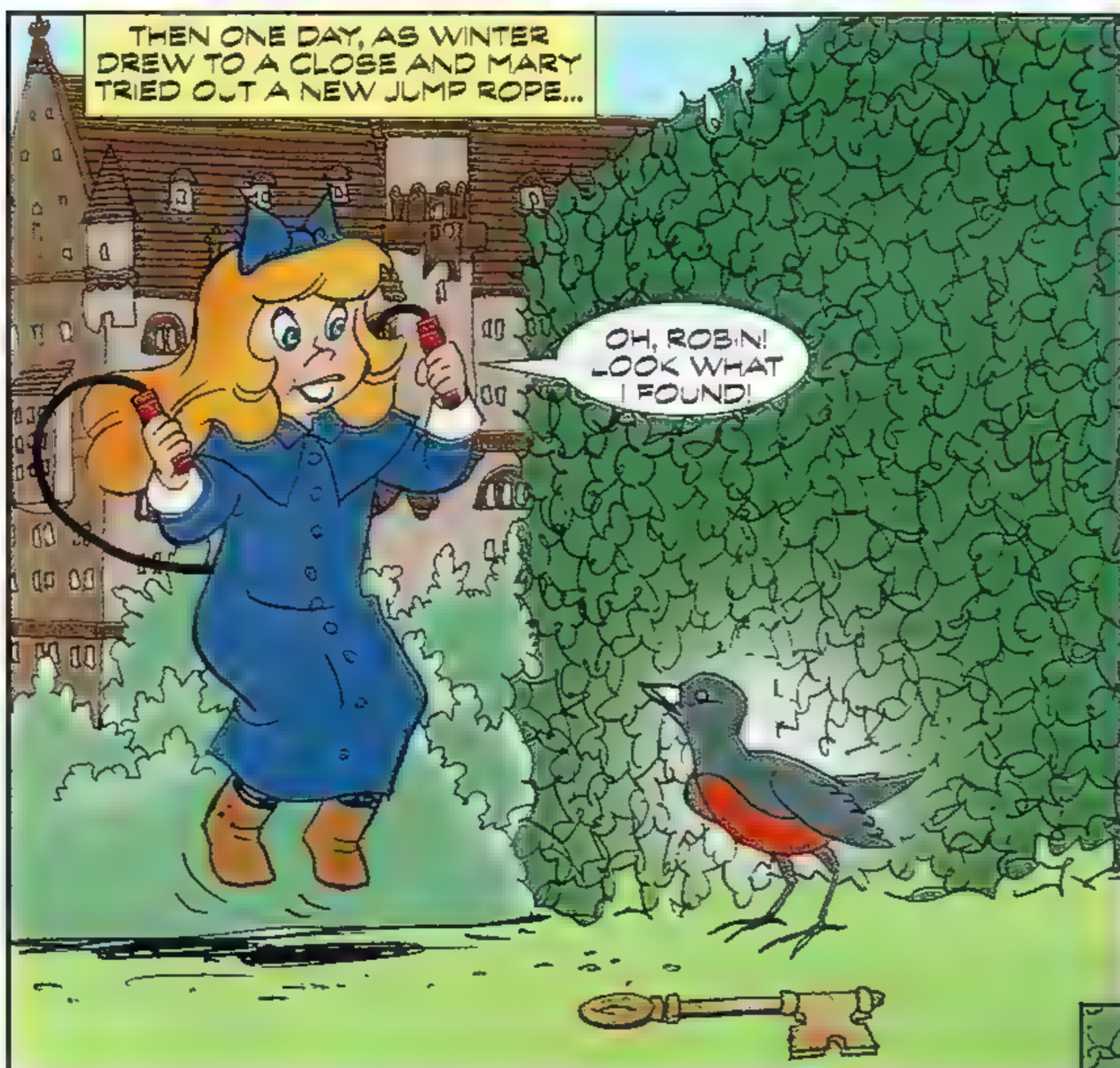
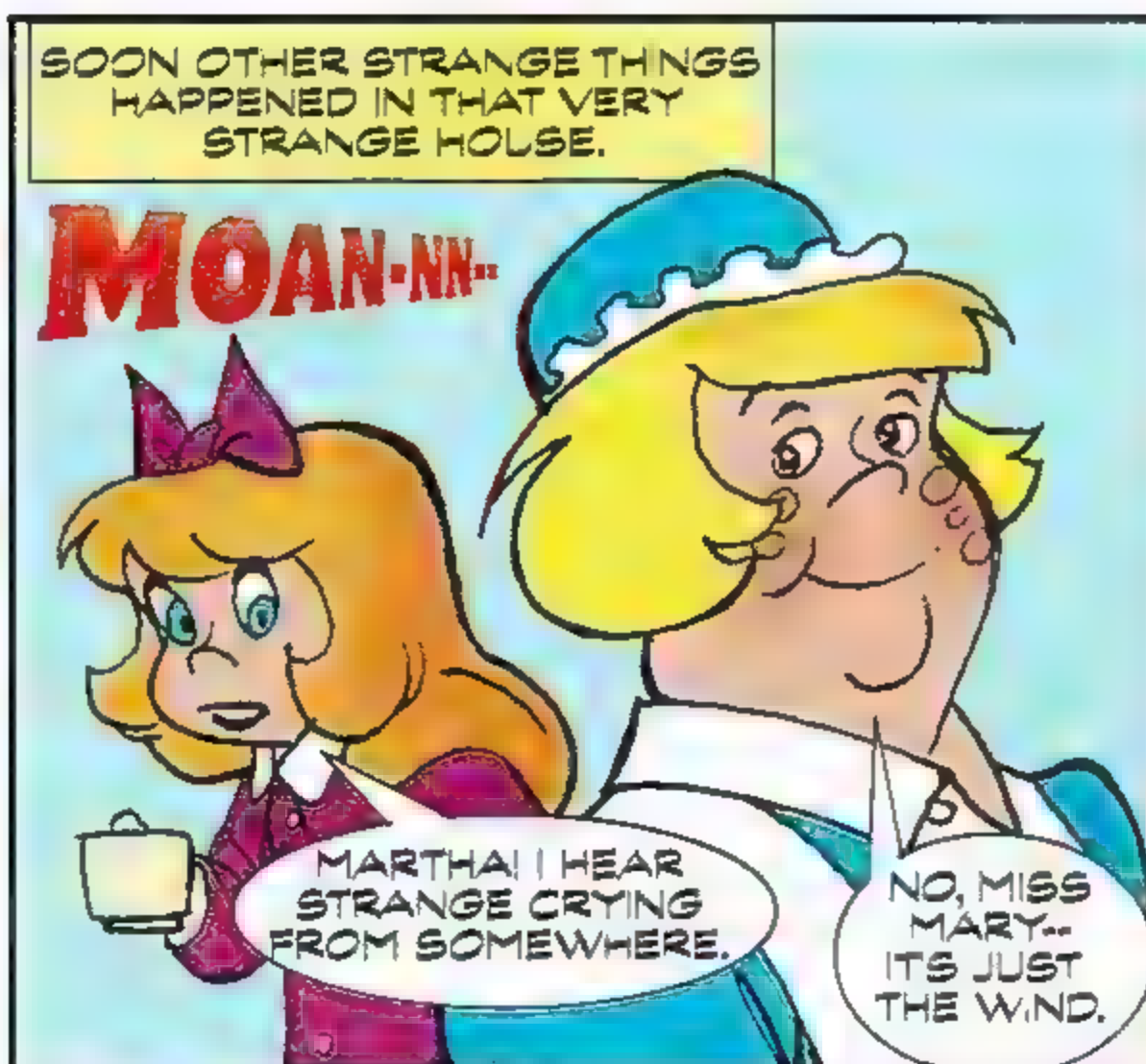


THEN PERHAPS HE  
CAN SHOW ME  
WHERE THE DOOR IS.

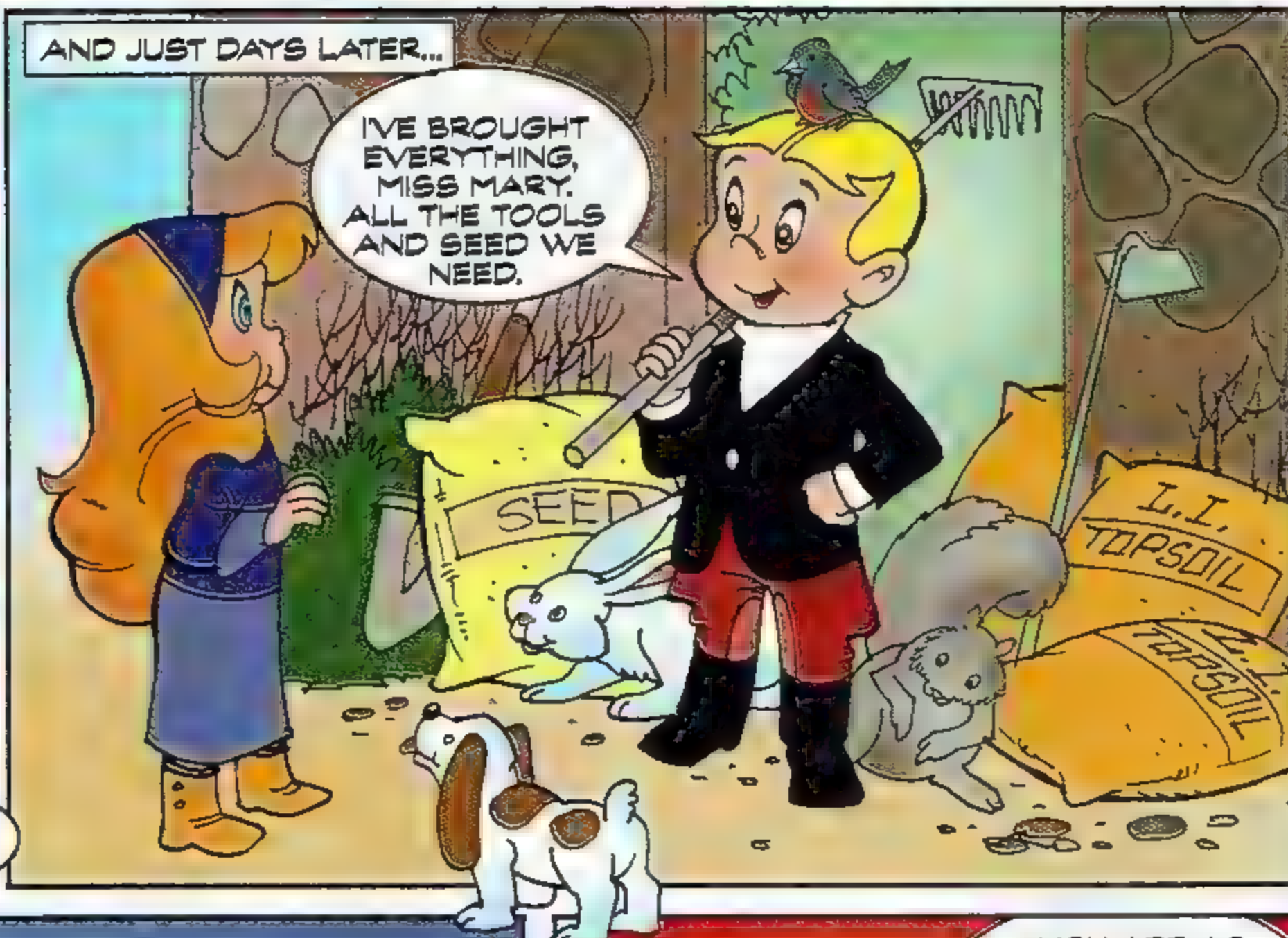
THERE'S NO DOOR  
THERE. NOT FOR  
TEN YEARS HAS  
THERE BEEN.

NOW I'M SORRY  
BUT I MUST GET  
ON WITH MY  
WORK.











A SHORT TIME LATER, MR. CRAVEN CAME HOME FOR A VISIT.

I AM SO GLAD TO MEET YOU, MARY. DO THEY TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU?

OH, THEY DO, SIR. I HAVE GAINED WEIGHT AND BECOME STRONGER.

AND I LOVE BEING IN THE OUTDOORS HERE.

IF ONLY I HAD A BIT OF MY OWN EARTH TO GROW THINGS.

THEN YOU SHALL! YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE EARTH YOU WANT!

FROM ANY. WHERE?

"FROM ANY. WHERE YOU LIKE!" SAID MR. CRAVEN.

BUT ONE NIGHT SOON AFTER...

NOW THAT CANNOT BE THE WIND! IT'S THE CRYING I HEARD BEFORE!

AND SO MARY FOLLOWED THE SOUND FROM CORRIDOR TO CORRIDOR.

UNTIL...

WHO ARE YOU? ARE YOU A GHOST?

AND I AM COLIN CRAVEN.

HARDLY. I AM MARY LENNOX.

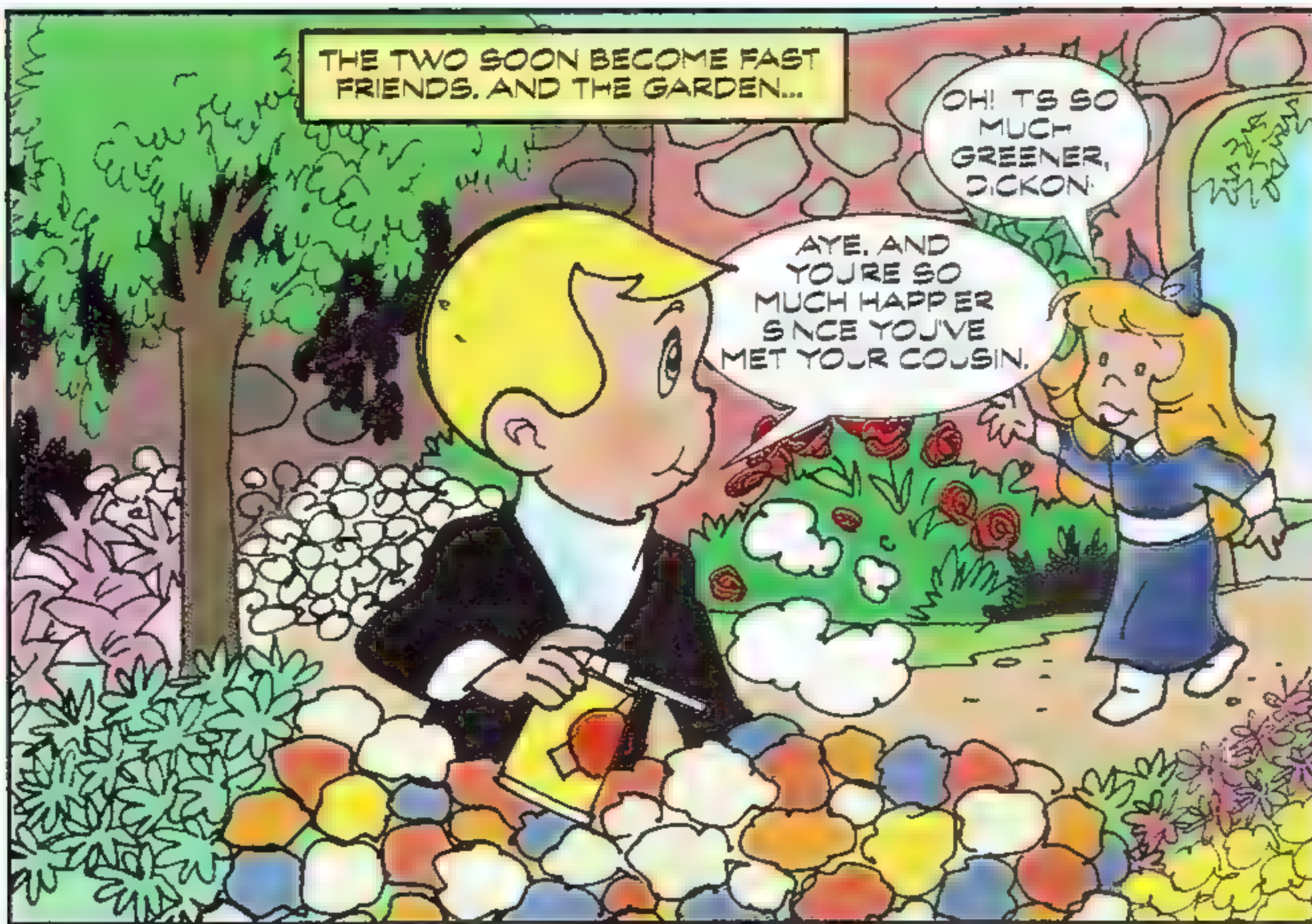
MR. CRAVEN IS MY UNCLE.

THEN YOU'RE MY COUSIN! HE'S MY FATHER.

MARY TELLS HIM ABOUT THE SECRET GARDEN, LOCKED AND THE KEY BURIED.

"TO SEE THAT GARDEN," COLIN SAYS, "I WOULD LEAVE THIS ROOM!"





THE TWO SOON BECOME FAST FRIENDS, AND THE GARDEN...

OH! IT'S SO MUCH GREENER, DICKON.

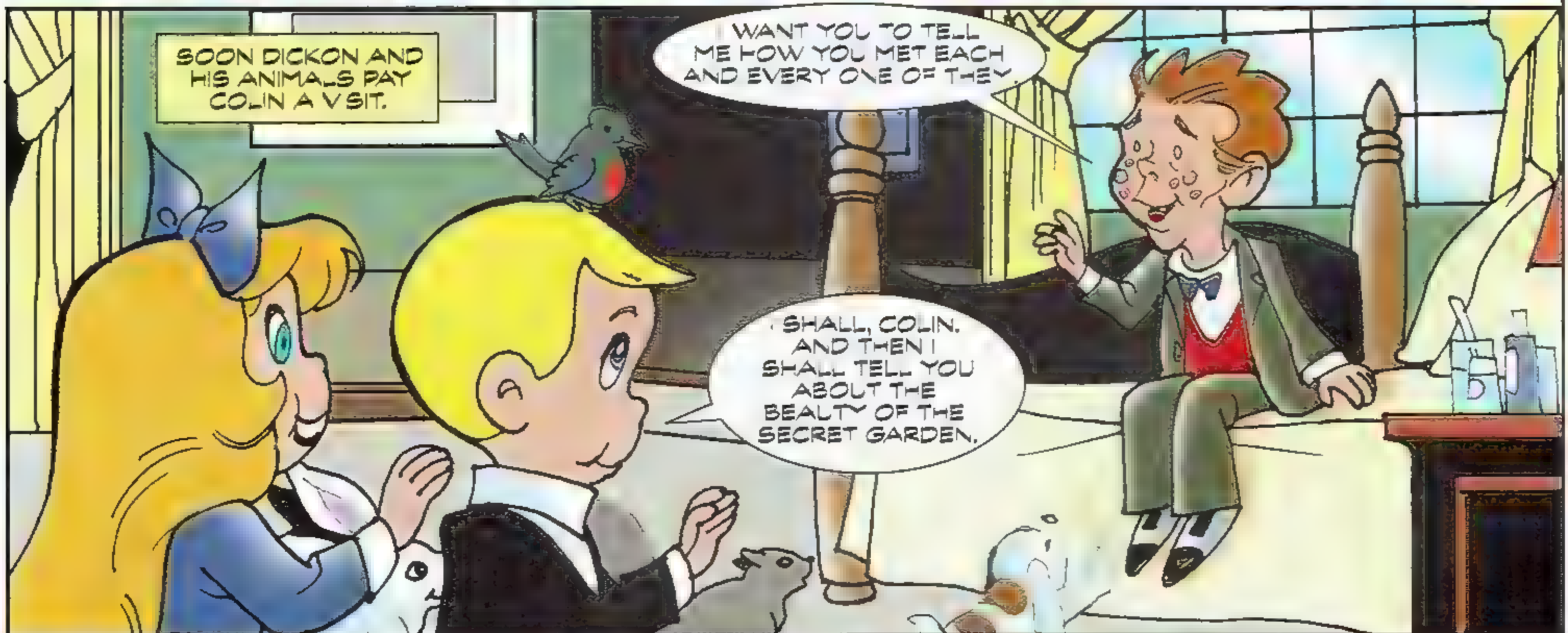
AYE, AND YOU'RE SO MUCH HAPPIER SINCE YOU'VE MET YOUR COUSIN.



THEY SAY YOUR UNCLE DOESN'T LIKE TO SEE HIM BECAUSE HE LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE HIS MOTHER.

WE COULD TRY.

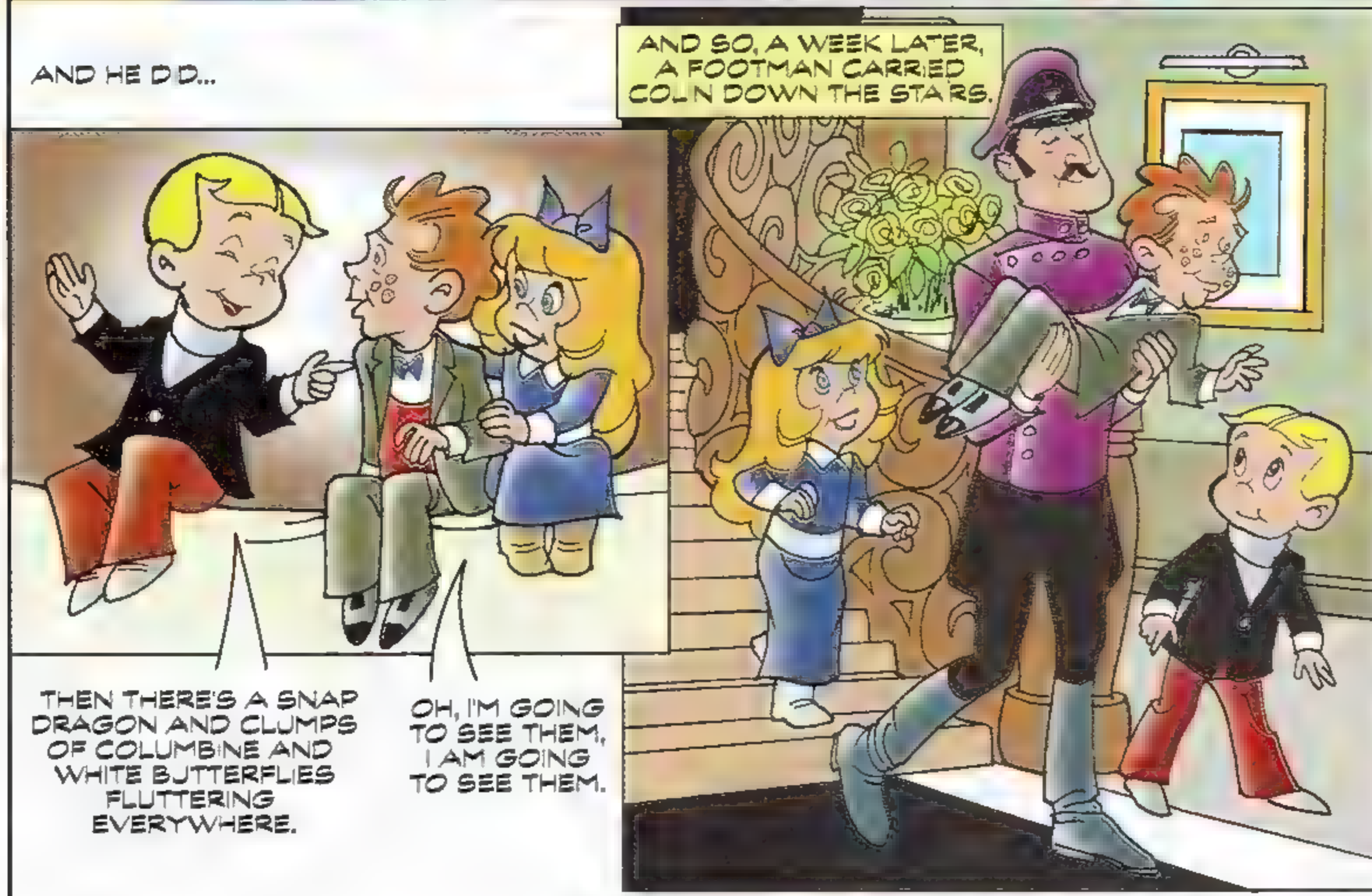
DICKON, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF WE BROUGHT COLIN HERE? PERHAPS THE GARDEN COULD TAKE THE ILLNESS FROM HIM.



SOON DICKON AND HIS ANIMALS PAY COLIN A VISIT.

I WANT YOU TO TELL ME HOW YOU MET EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM.

SHALL, COLIN. AND THEN I SHALL TELL YOU ABOUT THE BEAUTY OF THE SECRET GARDEN.

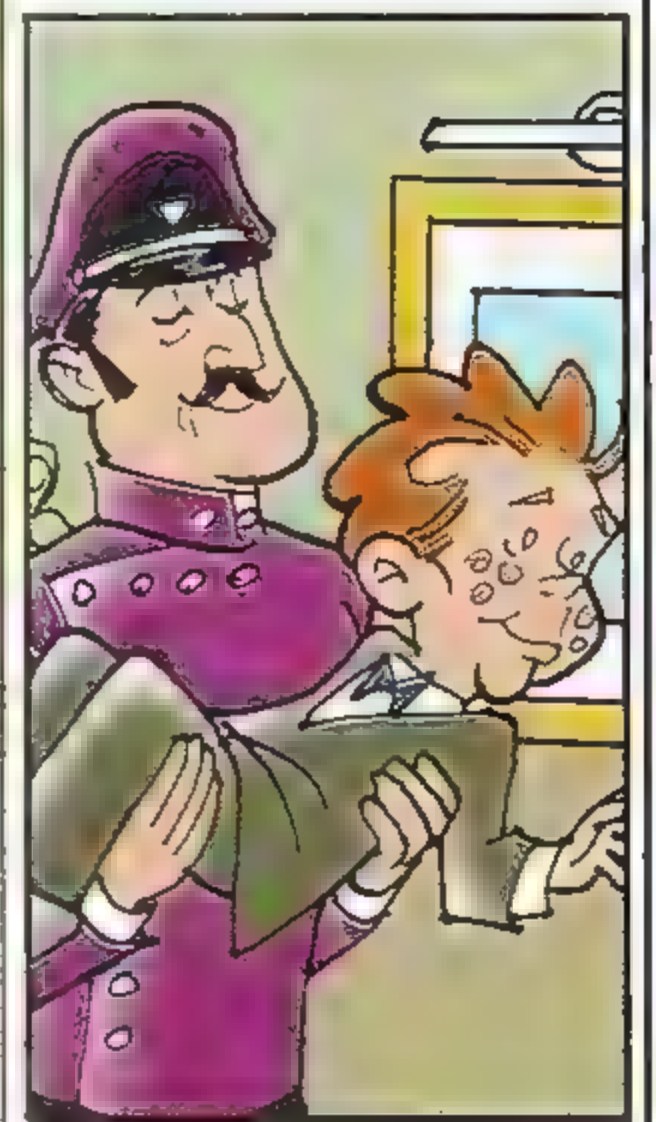


AND HE DID...

AND SO, A WEEK LATER, A FOOTMAN CARRIED COLIN DOWN THE STAIRS.

THEN THERE'S A SNAP DRAGON AND CLUMPS OF COLUMBINE AND WHITE BUTTERFLIES FLUTTERING EVERYWHERE.

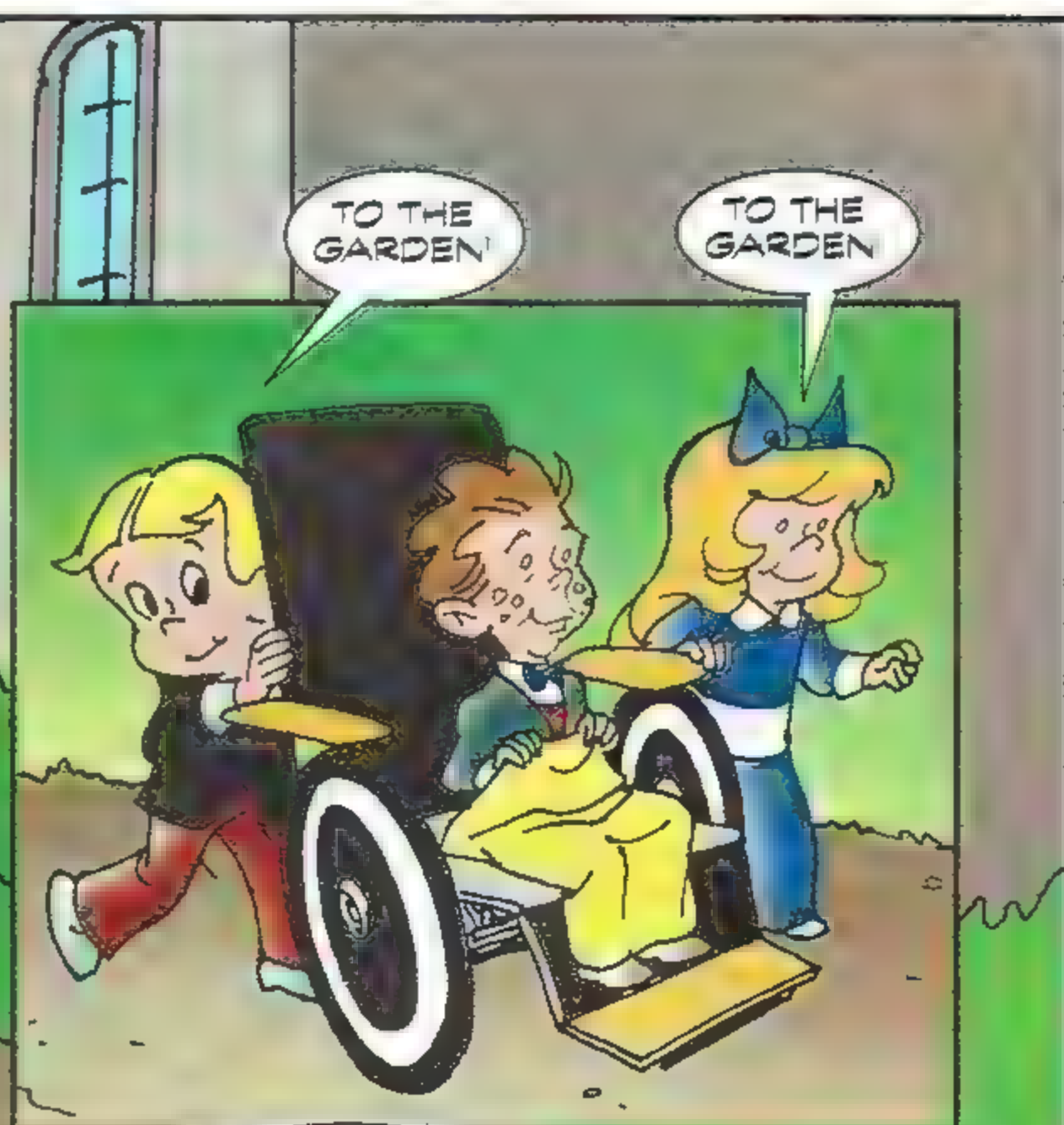
OH, I'M GOING TO SEE THEM, I AM GOING TO SEE THEM.





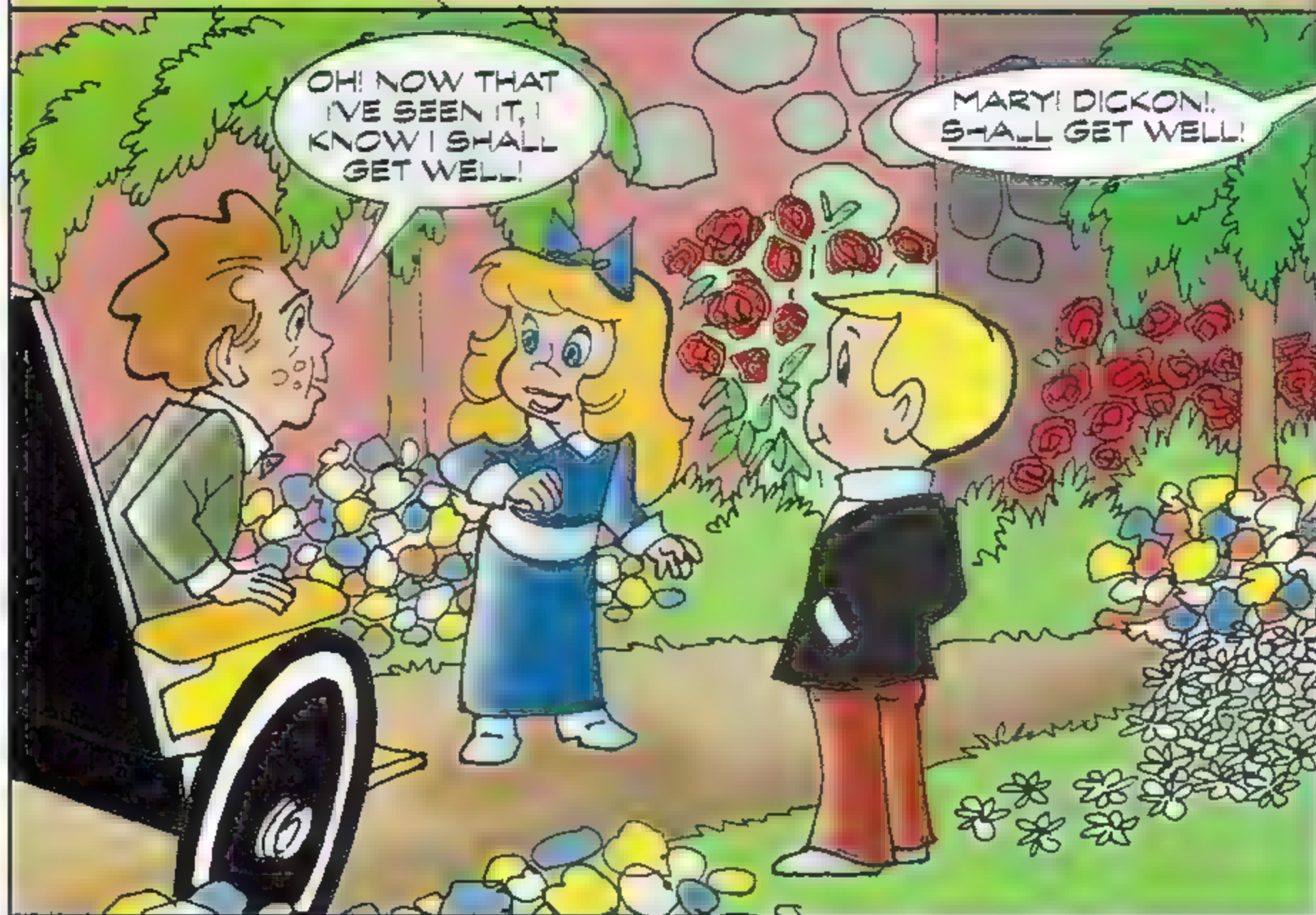


...AND PUT HIM IN A WHEELCHAIR.



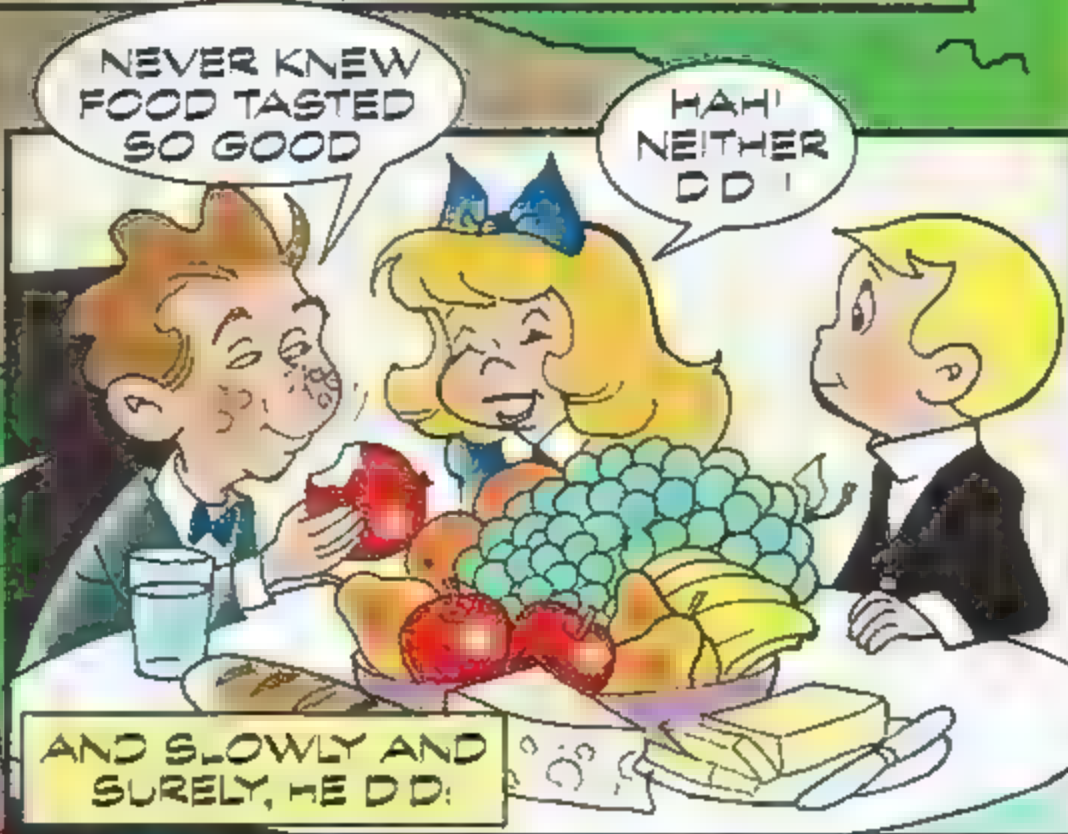
TO THE GARDEN!

TO THE GARDEN!



OH! NOW THAT I'VE SEEN IT, I KNOW I SHALL GET WELL!

MARY! DICKON! SHALL GET WELL!



NEVER KNEW FOOD TASTED SO GOOD

HAH! NEITHER DD!

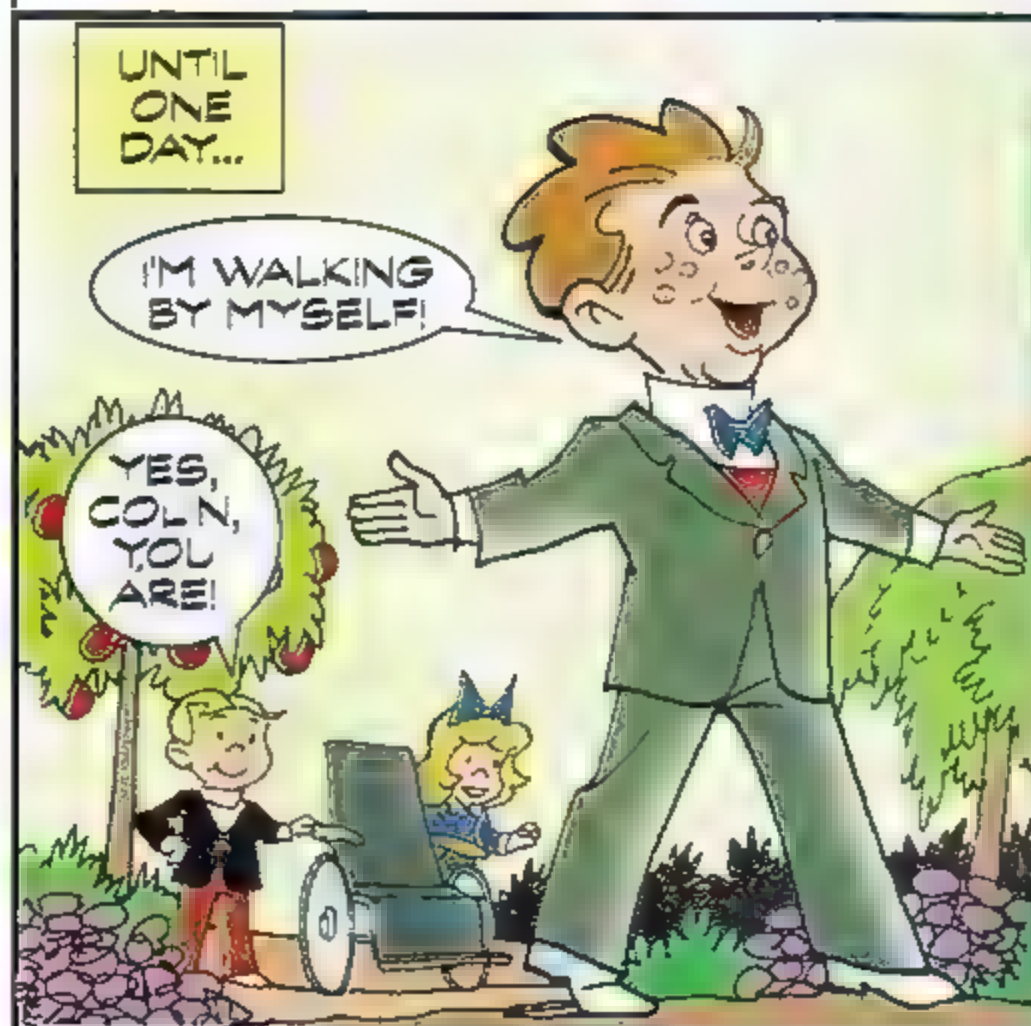
AND SLOWLY AND SURELY, HE DD!



SOON COLIN BEGAN TO WALK.

EASY, COLIN, EASY.

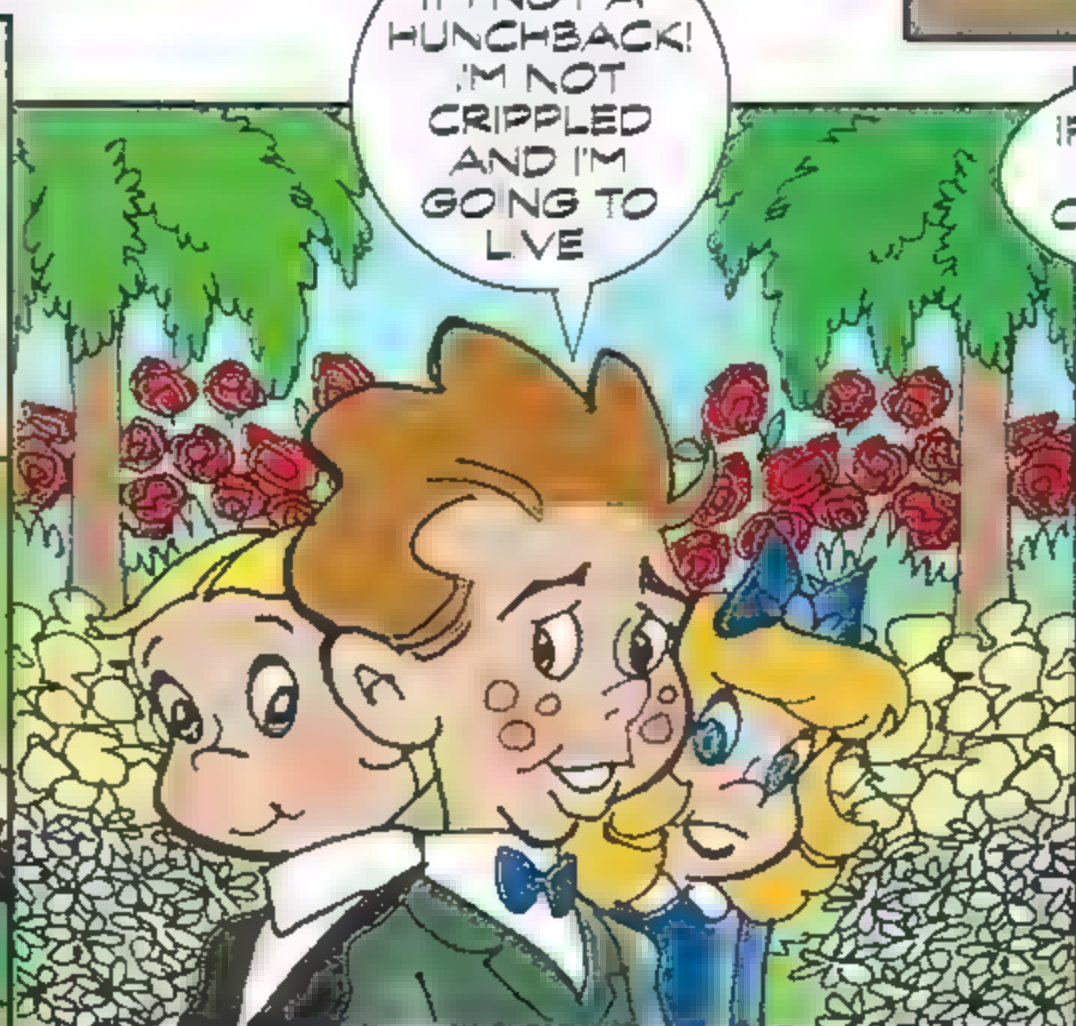
I'M DOING IT!



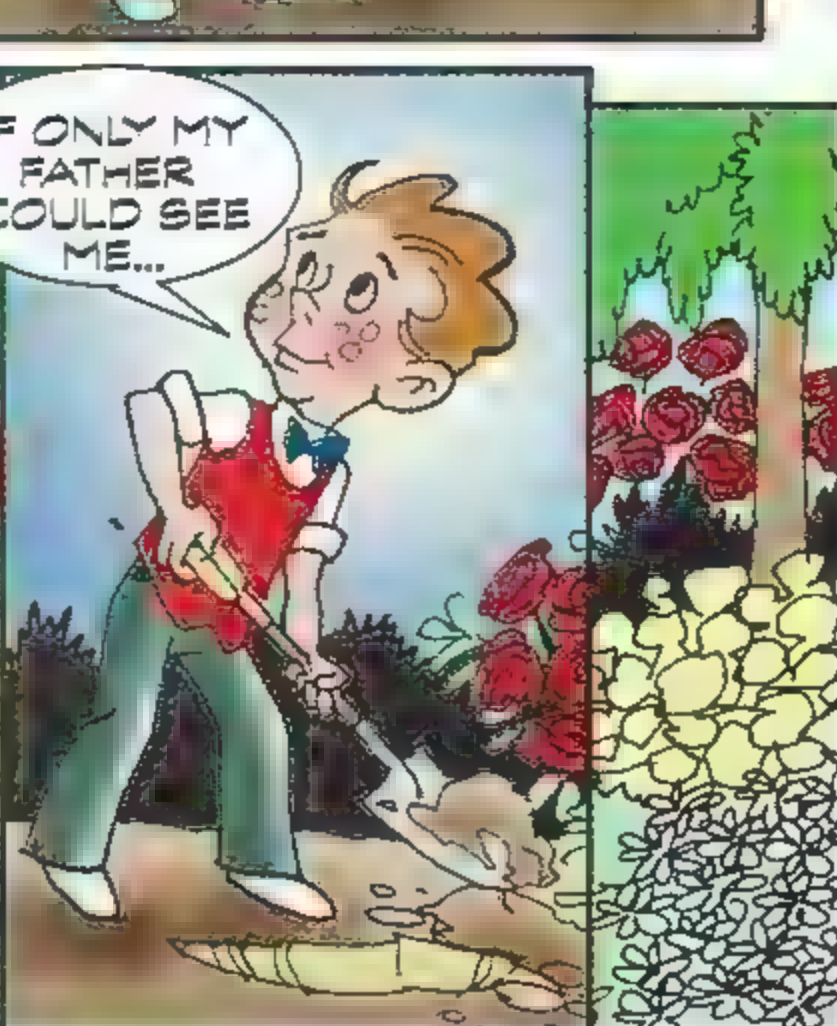
UNTIL ONE DAY...

I'M WALKING BY MYSELF!

YES, COLIN, YOU ARE!

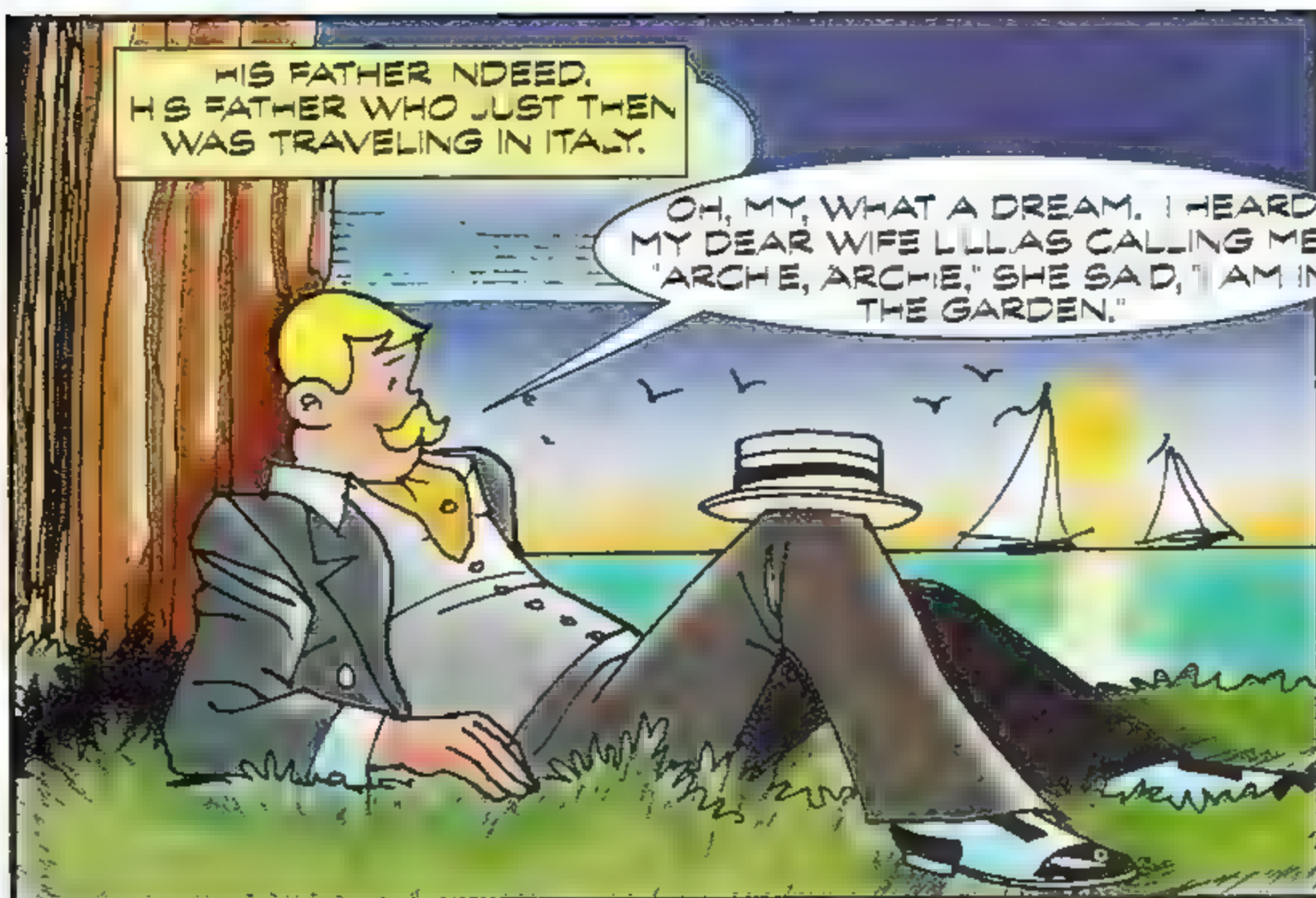


I'M NOT A HUNCHBACK! I'M NOT CRIPPLED AND I'M GOING TO LIVE

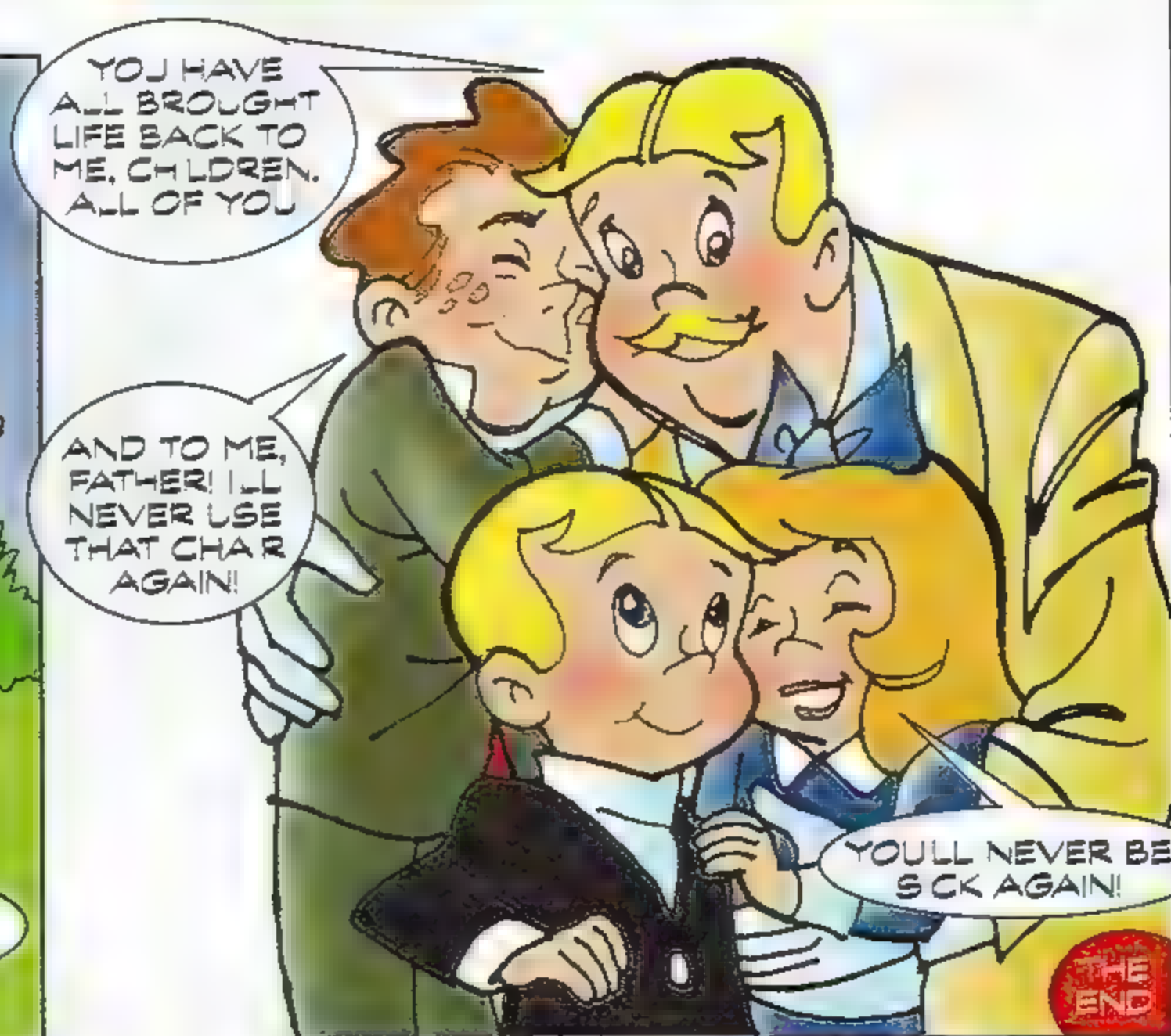
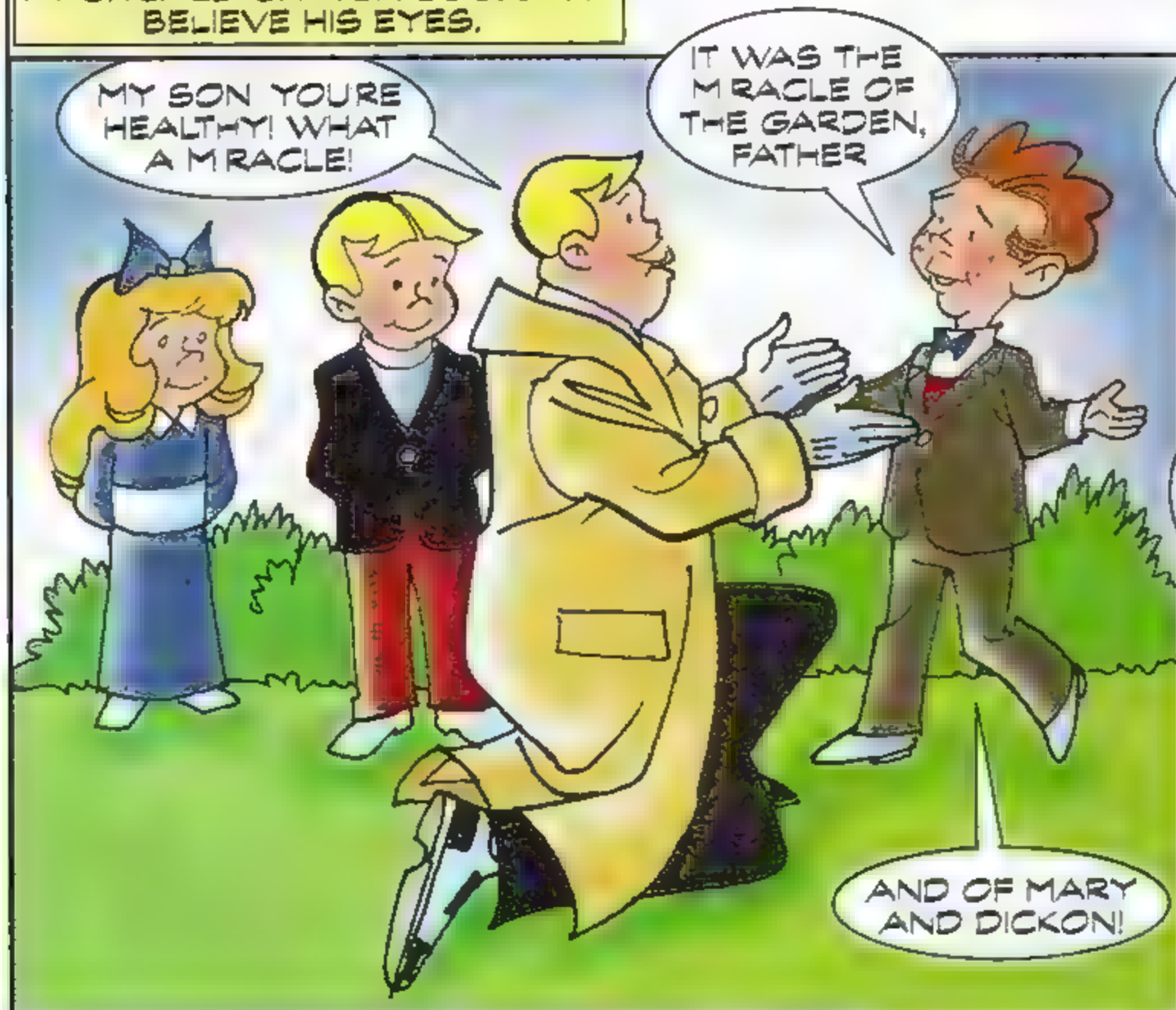


IF ONLY MY FATHER COULD SEE ME...





ARCHIBALD CRAVEN COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES.





# The Haiku Machine

A haiku is a kind of poem of Japanese origin. It has three lines. The first line has five syllables, the second has seven syllables, and the third has five syllables. And, they don't have to rhyme. We came up with this handy gadget to help you make your own haiku. Simply take one phrase from each column and read them together and—presto—haiku! (**Gedzunheit!**)

An elephant played

With a turtle named Speedy

On a small iceberg

A duck practiced golf

And got lost with two lobsters

On top of a hill

Three donkeys ate hay

While a monkey played checkers

Down in the valley

Birds fought for a worm

And the jester joked and laughed

Beneath the blue sea

A hundred mice danced

And a herd of cows played cards

In a far off land

A rat wore a hat

With a talented dolphin

In a small row boat

Two tigers played harps

And two baboons went bowling

At the local zoo

The king laughed all day

And a penguin made popcorn

And did magic tricks

A hippo tap-danced

While an armadillo slept

On a TV show

Some fish went to school

And a spider spun her web

And went home quite late

Three pigs built a house

And made seven pots of cheese

At a bear's party

A mermaid swam laps

Then fell into a puddle

Down at the corner







# Maybe I'd Better Be Me

By Ken Langridge

Illustrations by Daniel Torres

**A**lex wasn't having a very good day. But then, according to Alex, she wasn't having a very good life. It was just one thing after another.

Her big sister, Marilyn, was the cause of it all, she decided. She always had to blame Alex for everything. Like this morning. Marilyn had these fancy pink shoes shaped just like little jet-skis. And Alex's Barbie dolls fit perfectly into the part where your foot goes in. A Barbie bathtub beach party was clearly called for—no one could dispute that. So how was Alex supposed to know that shoes are not designed as a flotation device?

After all the yelling, Alex's mom and dad naturally took Marilyn's side. It seemed like they always did. When Alex's disappearing ink didn't disappear on Marilyn's new sweater, Alex got blamed. When Marilyn got soaked with a water balloon on the way out the door to her dance recital, Alex got blamed. Okay, maybe the water balloon thing really was her fault, but she only meant to scare her.

Life was clearly against her, Alex decided. Her mom and dad liked Marilyn better than her. All her relatives liked Marilyn better than her. All the kids in the neighborhood liked Marilyn better than her. And Marilyn, well, she liked toothaches, sunburns, mosquito bites, coughs due to colds, you-name-it, better than Alex.

And on top of all that unfair and unwarranted popularity, Alex wasn't tall enough to ride the really neat rides at the amusement park, she wasn't old enough to watch the really scary movies at the theater, and she wasn't rich enough to buy the cool new sneakers all the other kids were wearing. Yes, Alex had arrived at one unmistakable, unavoidable conclusion...it was just no fun at all being Alex.

If only she could be someone else. Or something else. Anything else!



Then her problems would be over, she thought.

Shoving her hands deep into her pockets, Alex went off on a walk around the block. "Why not?" she thought to herself. "What are they going to do, blame me for getting the sidewalk dirty?"

But before she even got to the corner where the fire hydrant came apart one time and flooded the neighbor's garage and she got blamed for that too, Alex's luck began to change. There in the grass next to the sidewalk she saw a marble. It was a little bigger than a shooter. But it wasn't just an ordinary cat's eye or an aggie. It was a perfectly clear marble with a tiny blue speck in the middle that seemed to glow. She'd never seen anything like it.

"I better not let anyone else see this," Alex thought to herself. "They'd probably think I stole it or something and take it away from me." So Alex continued on her walk. But soon she discovered that the marble was indeed something special.

Down at the corner, someone had been digging up the ground around a lamppost to plant some flowers. And for some reason, an unattended pile of dirt was like a magnet for Alex. She just couldn't stay away from it. Well, a kick here, a kick there, and pretty soon the dirt pile was everywhere.

"I suppose I'll get blamed for this, too," she thought. But there on the ground she saw something that took her mind off getting blamed for everything. Squirming around where the pile of dirt used to be, Alex saw a big, fat, juicy earthworm.



"Gee, it must be nice being a worm," Alex thought. "No worries, no cares...no one to yell at you for getting dirty. Boy, what a life. An earthworm—that's what I wish I could be."

To get a closer look, Alex took the marble from her pocket, closed one eye, and peered through it at the worm. But she wasn't ready for what she saw.

"What the...?"

Alex rubbed her eyes and shook her head. When she looked at the worm through the marble, Alex saw herself!

"Cool! That worm looks just like me!"

And looking through the marble, it really did. The worm wore a little baseball cap like Alex, and a little green t-shirt like Alex, and even a little pair of stupid looking horn-rimmed glasses that she hated, just like Alex. Except for the difference in size, and the fact that it had no arms or legs, the worm looked like Alex's slithery twin.

After staring at "Alex the Worm" for a while longer, Alex continued on her walk. "Boy, it sure must be great being a worm," she thought. But looking over her shoulder, she saw something that changed her mind. A robin landed next to the lamppost, grabbed the worm in its beak, and flew away.

"Hmmmm. Maybe I'd better be me," she thought.

After arriving at that conclusion, Alex ran farther ahead to catch up to the robin. "Now, it would really be neat to be a bird," she imagined. "No worries, no cares...no one to stop you from flying off to wherever you want to go. Boy, what a life. A robin—that's what I wish I could be."

Alex spotted the robin up ahead as it hopped



along next to the sidewalk. She took the marble from her pocket and stared through it at the bird. And just like before, peering through the marble made the robin look just like Alex! Same floppy blonde hair, same mischievous smile. Except for the wings, and the beak, and the scrawny little legs, the robin looked like Alex's fledgling double.

After watching "Alex the Bird" preen in the sun for a few moments, Alex continued on her walk around the block. "Boy, it sure must be neat being a bird," she said to herself. But after a few steps Alex heard a noisy commotion behind her. Looking back she saw a big yellow alley cat chasing after the robin, who was flapping and fluttering along the ground, trying to get away.

"Hmmm. Maybe I'd better be me," she thought.

After considering the wisdom of that decision, Alex watched the cat as it finally gave up on trying to catch the fast but frightened robin. "Now, a cat—there's something I'd like to be," she thought. "No worries, no cares...no one to stop you from chasing after whatever you want to catch. Boy, what a life. A cat—that's what I wish I could be."

Again, Alex took the marble from her pocket and stared through it at the alley cat. And just as before, peering through the marble made the cat look just like Alex! Same dumb-looking freckles, same ears she thought were too big, and it even had a little scar on its chin just like Alex did. Except for the tail and all the yellow fur, the cat looked like Alex's kitten cousin.

After watching "Alex the Alley Cat" lick its



paws for awhile, Alex continued on her walk around the block. "Boy, it sure must be great being a cat," she thought. But that thought didn't last long at all. Because out from behind a fence raced a big dog who made a bee-line for the little alley cat. In a flash, the cat scurried up a nearby tree just ahead of the snarling, snapping dog.

"Hmmm. Maybe I'd better be me," she thought.

After seeing the good sense of that opinion, Alex watched the dog as it continued to bark and growl and jump at the cat in the tree. "A dog—now there is something I'd definitely like to be," she thought. "No worries, no cares...no one to stop you from barking up any tree you want. What a life. A dog—that's what I wish I could be."

Once again, Alex took the marble from her pocket and stared through it at the dog. And just like before, peering through the marble made the dog look just like Alex. Same turned up nose, same chubby cheeks her grandma found so irresistibly pinchable, same slightly crooked teeth her mom said would need braces someday. Except for the floppy ears and the wagging tail, the dog looked like Alex's canine clone.

After watching "Alex the Dog" scratch and roll around in the grass for awhile, Alex continued on her walk around the block. "Boy, it sure must be fun being a dog," she thought. But not for long. Because coming down the street Alex saw a dog's worst enemy...a dog catcher! The big dog saw the dog catcher, too, but not in time. Before it could run away, a huge net was tossed over the dog and it was hauled away in the back of the dog catcher's van to who knows where.

"Hmmm. Maybe I'd better be me," she





thought.

After thinking for awhile about the dog, and the cat, and the bird, and the worm, Alex got an idea. She turned around and ran straight for home.

When she finally made it back to her house, Alex went into the kitchen where her mom was busy cooking dinner. She pulled the marble from her pocket and looked through it at her mom.

"Wow!" thought Alex. "Mom looks just like me!" She watched as "Alex the Mom" hurried about the kitchen—sweeping the floor, setting the table, stirring peas and carrots on the stove, and taking freshly baked bread from the oven. As her mom let out an exhausted sigh and pushed the hair from her tired eyes, Alex thought about all the things her mom did for her every day.

Alex then headed for the living room where her dad was shuffling through a large pile of monthly bills. Alex looked through the marble at her dad.

"Neat!" she said to herself. "Dad looks like me, too!" She watched as "Alex the Dad" studied the important looking papers, tapped numbers into the calculator, and scribbled into a notebook. As he rubbed his brow and shook his head with a troubled look, Alex thought about how hard her dad worked every day to buy things for her.

Alex then went upstairs. Quietly, she nudged open the door to Marilyn's bedroom. Marilyn was laying on her bed taking a nap. Alex held the marble up to one eye and peered through it at her mean old, bossy, always-blaming-her-for-everything sister.

"Well, I'll be," she said to herself, "Marilyn looks just like me." While she watched "Alex the Big Sister" sleep peacefully, she remembered all the not-so-nice things she had thought about, said, and done to Marilyn.

Alex then wandered into her own bedroom and closed the door. Standing in front of the mirror on her wall, Alex thought about all she had seen that day. Slowly, she held the marble up to her eye and stared through it at her reflection.

Soon, a big smile filled Alex's face. Looking through the marble at "Alex in the Mirror," now her ears didn't look quite so big, her freckles didn't look quite so dumb, and her chubby pinchable cheeks and slightly crooked teeth didn't seem so out of place on her. Even the horn-rimmed glasses and cheap sneakers she always hated didn't seem so bad anymore.

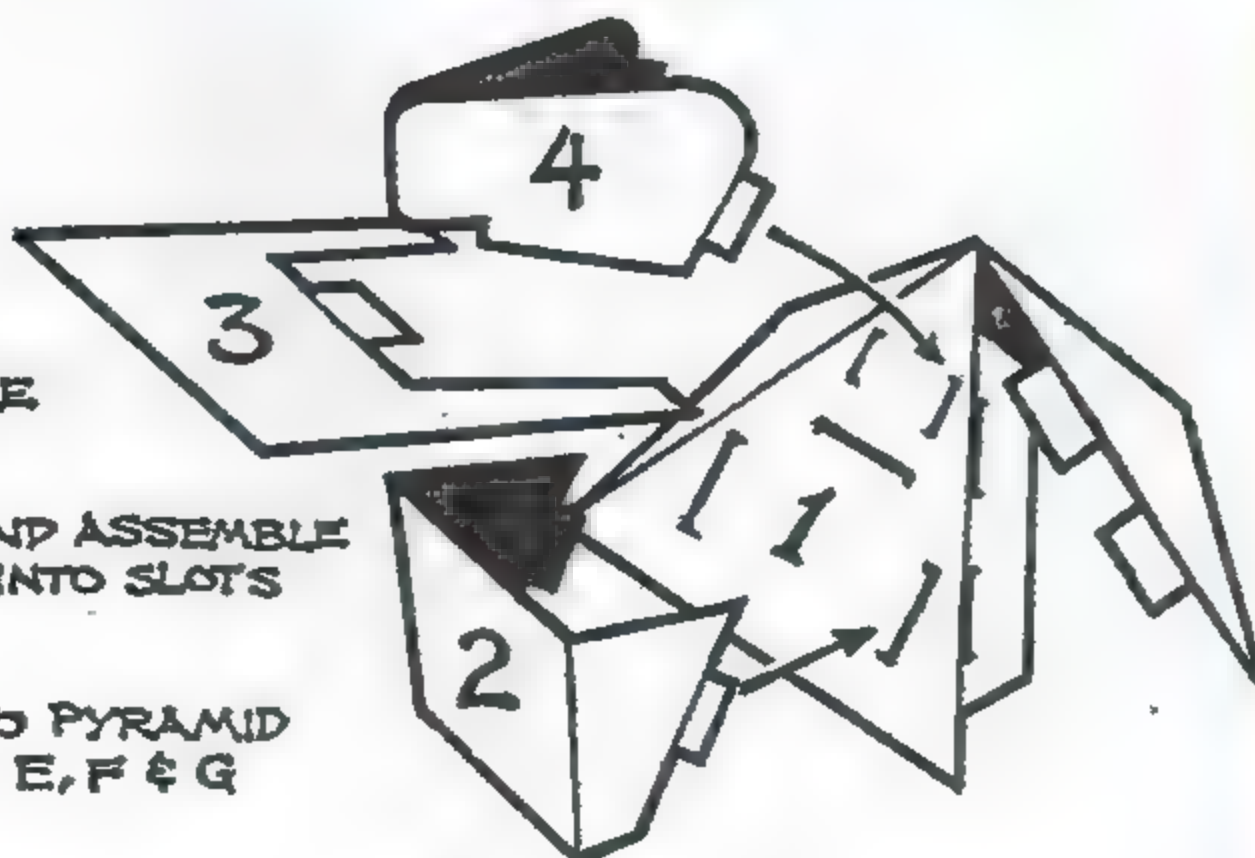
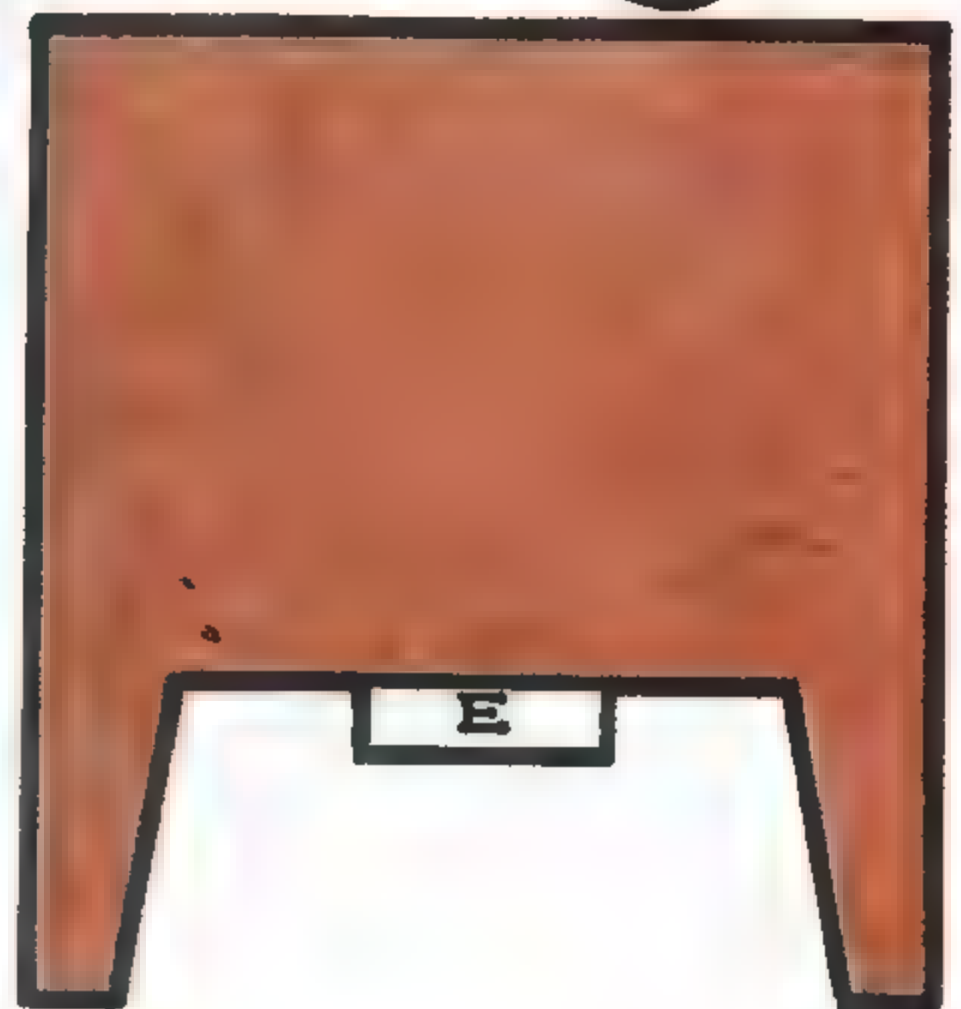
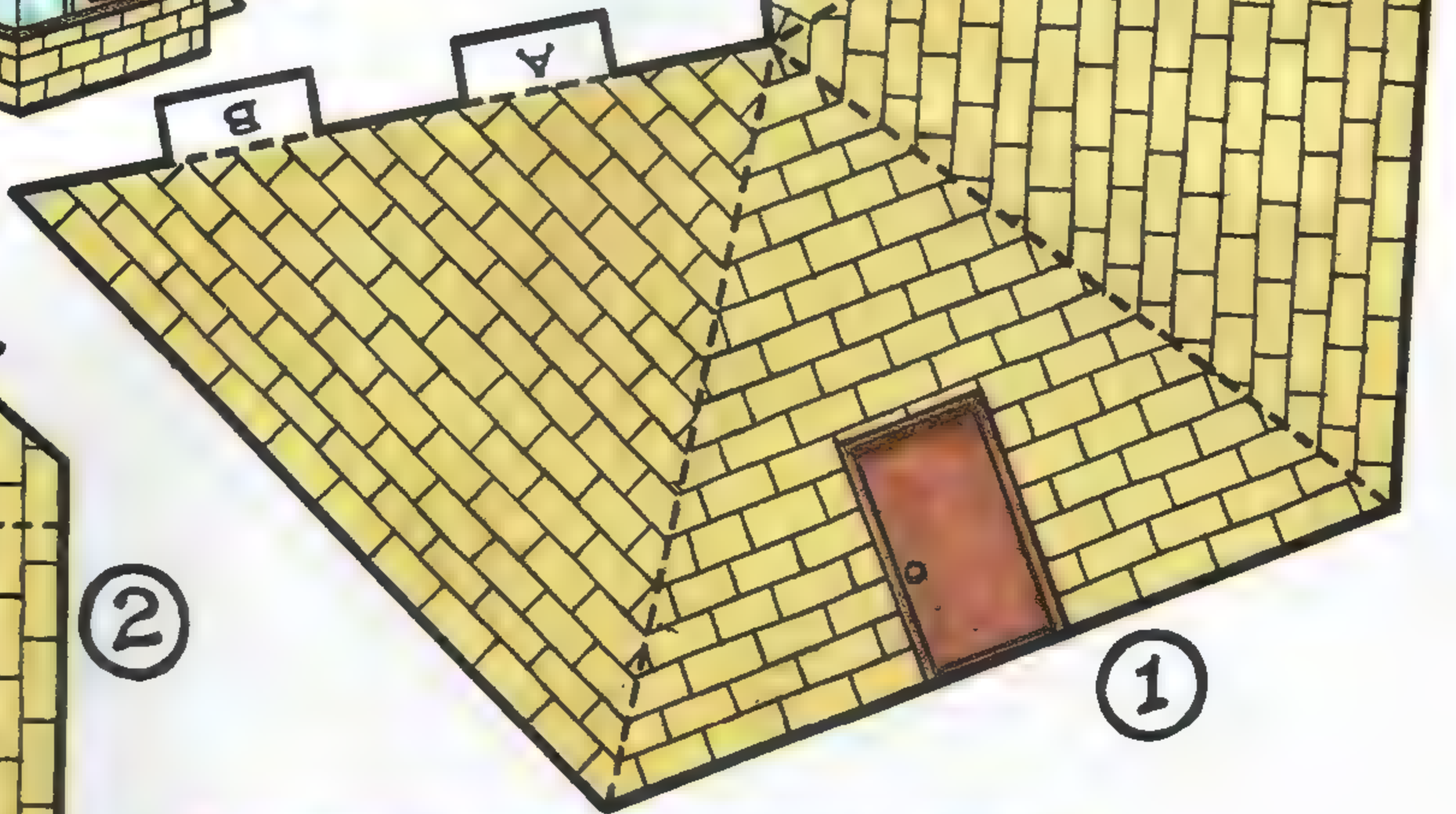
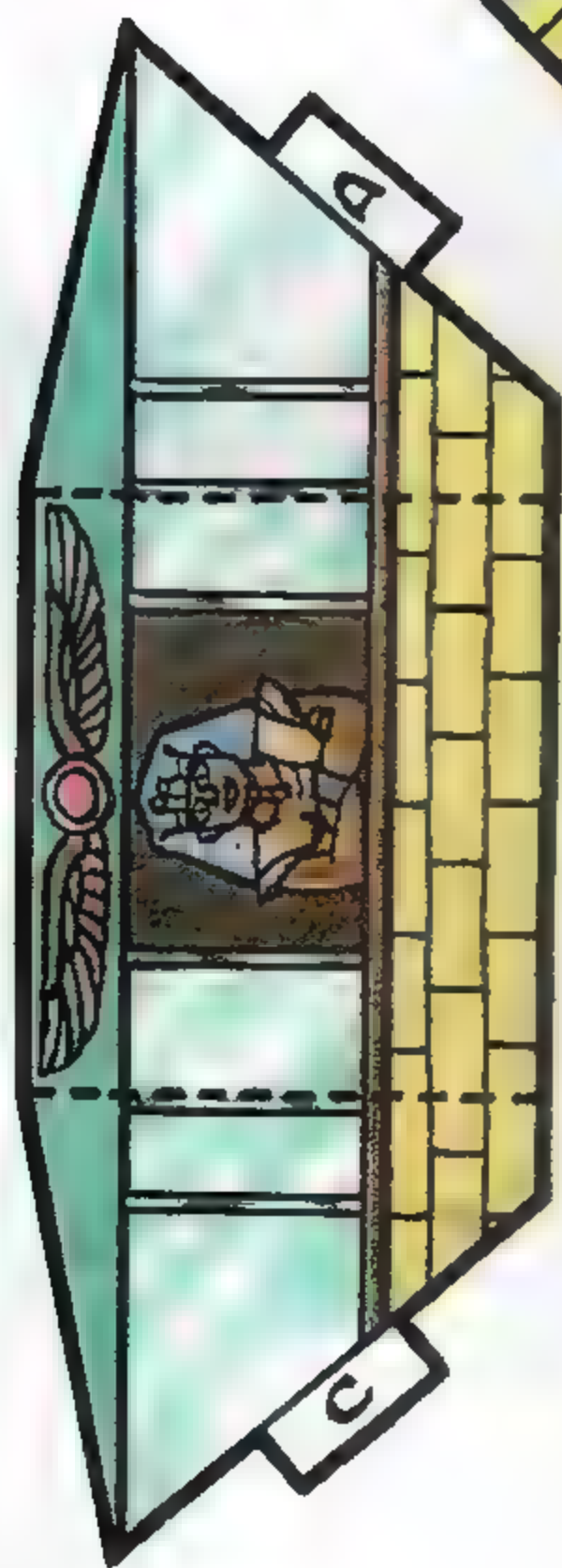
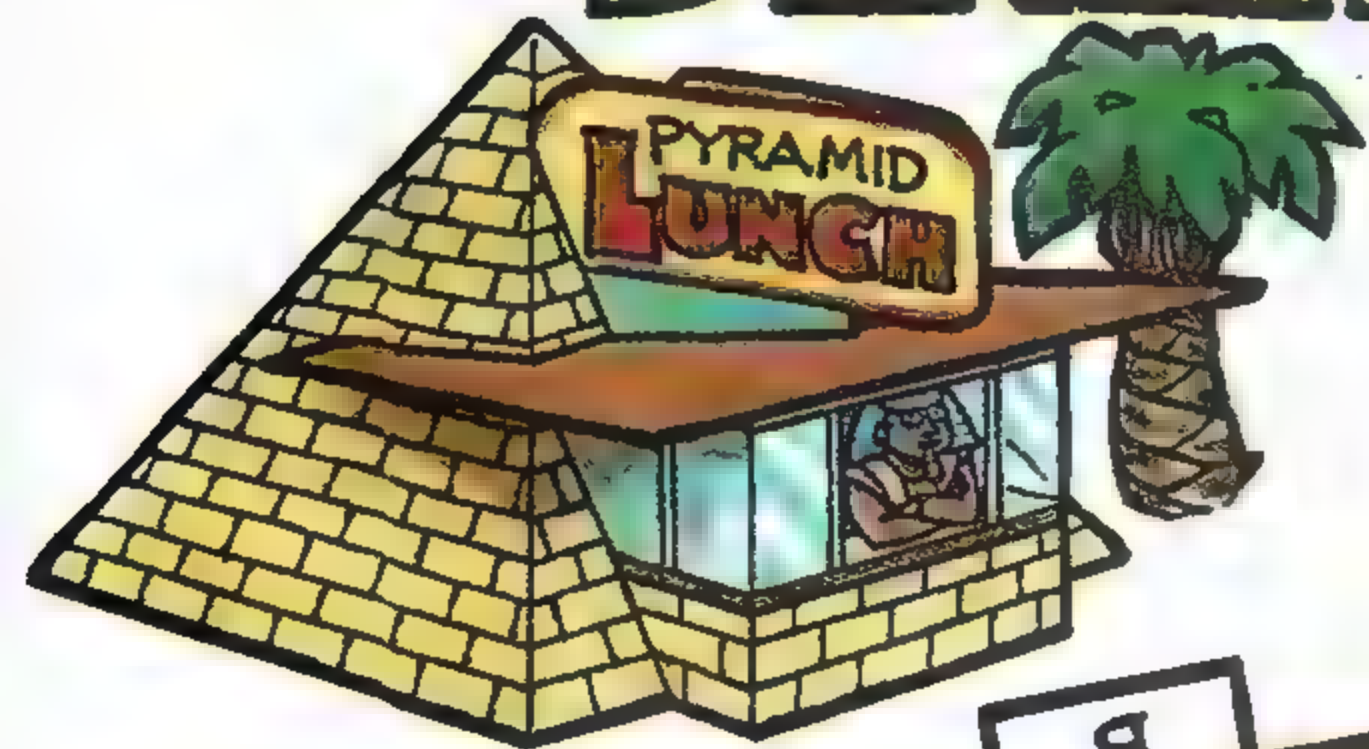
Alex then carefully placed the marble on her bookshelf and went downstairs to help her mom with dinner. Later, she would do some yard work for her dad, and would polish Marilyn's bicycle and fill her tires with air. And when each good deed was met with the question, "What's gotten into you, Alex?" she would smile, shrug her shoulders and say, "Oh, just a little self-reflection."

She would still get into trouble occasionally for bugging Marilyn, and she would still get yelled at from time to time for other fits of misbehavior. But after the day she found the mysterious marble and took a good look at herself and the things around her, Alex always kept one thing in mind.

"You know, it's not so bad being me." **H**



# EAT AT THE EGYPTIAN DINER



• CAREFULLY CUT OUT EACH  
PIECE AND FOLD ALONG THE  
DOTTED LINES.

• CUT SLOTS IN PYRAMID (1) AND ASSEMBLE  
BY INSERTING TABS A & B INTO SLOTS  
A & B.

• ATTACH PIECES 2, 3 & 4 TO PYRAMID  
BY INSERTING TABS C, D, E, F & G  
INTO THEIR SLOTS.



# Don't Do That!

## *A Child's Guide to Bad Manners, Ridiculous Rules and Inadequate Etiquette*

*By Barry Louis Polisar*

### **Table Manners**

You are judged by your table manners, so never eat food from the floor—especially if it has been *stepped on*. Remember that it is always a good idea to talk about pleasant things while at the dinner table, so ignore all questions about school.

If you're not sure which piece of silverware to use, it is best to avoid an embarrassing situation by just using your fingers. People have been eating with their fingers for thousands of years and well-educated people know this. Never put your fingers down your throat while eating, however, since gagging at the table is not polite.

Never blow on food to cool it off. If you start to eat a particular food that is too hot, open your mouth widely to cool it off. Stick your tongue out as far as possible and get everyone's attention by pointing to your open mouth and shouting. Insist that everyone look inside.

If a fly or other insect lands on your plate, try to swat it away with your bread. If you are lucky enough to have smashed an insect into your food, pick it up delicately with your thumb and forefinger and place it on the plate of the person sitting next to you.





## What to Do When Your Parents Do Dumb Things

Don't get embarrassed. Instead, look around the room as if you were looking for your *real* parents.... When they talk to you, pretend not to hear them. If they insist on talking to you, say, "Sorry, lady, my Mom said never to talk to strangers," and walk away as quickly as possible. Do not make eye contact with anyone.

Don't yell at your mom or dad because they don't know how to park the car, as this only brings more attention to you. Always carry sunglasses with you and wear them whenever you are with your parents.

Your parents want you to think they are just like everybody else—but you know from living with them that they are definitely weirder than average.



## Around the House

It is advisable to put away your toys after you have finished with them, but other things may interfere with your desire to do this. Set aside one day every six or eight months for cleaning your room.

It is a good idea to leave your dirty clothes and towels around for Mom and Dad to pick up, as this makes them feel needed.

You will find that complaining and making faces while brushing your teeth will make the time go by more quickly.

Never giggle when someone says the word "bathroom." There is nothing funny about the word "bathroom." The word "toilet," however, is very funny and may always be laughed at hysterically.

## How to Get Along with Your Teacher

Getting along with your teacher is easy if you follow some simple guidelines. Never wear your underwear on your head at school without good reason. Never make fun of your teacher by imitating the way he or she talks. Never admit that you forgot to do your homework. Instead, think up funny excuses why you are not prepared. Teachers love to laugh so use this opportunity to show your teacher you are a creative thinker.

If you are called on to answer a question at school, mumble your answer to yourself. When you are writing at your desk, look around frequently to make sure that you are not the only person working.

If your teacher is boring, do not interrupt him or her. Instead, use this time efficiently; begin working on another assignment or close your eyes and rest so you don't fall asleep later when you're home doing something important like watching TV.





# Look, Mom, I made it Myself!

Ryan McCurdy is a fifth grader who lives in Hopateong, New Jersey. His teacher, Ms. Proctor at the Durban School sent in his work to *Harvey*, 'cause she thought he was terrific, and we think so, too. Although he loves soccer and baseball, drawing is his passion.



"I've been drawing since I was six years old. I like to draw almost anything, but especially things that move. I want to be an artist because I'm good with my hands and arms. I prefer to draw with a regular old pencil—markers can be too thick or thin and crayons smudge. I've learned the most from my Mom—she's an artist, too. The best drawing I ever did was of Scooby Doo—it was fascinating!"



Ryan  
McCurdy  
HARVEY  
64

I was inspired to draw this after I read "Harvey Story." Boy, I really loved that short story!



Just a little note from a big bird.  
Check out my new movie  
"Baby Huey's Great Easter Adventure"  
at video stores everywhere.

Baby Huey



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